39 NO. 5

MAY 1952

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Overtones

Alice Morrey Bailey

Mother is a word with overtones.
Within its syllables the senses leap
To every worthiness the memory owns—
A cool hand on the brow of fevered sleep,
The smell of new-made bread and berry pies,
A smile of pride rewarding battles won,
The sight of home that falls on homesick eyes,
A soothing lullaby when day is done.

Its cadences retain a tender face
And mellowed wisdom where the heart may grow,
Yet leap the boundaries of time and space,
Projecting every love that mortals know—
This word which sends its singing down the years
And magnifies its pattern on the spheres.

The Cover: Diamond Lake and Mount Thielsen in the Oregon Cascades
Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen
Frontispiece Photograph, "Prune Blossoms," by Don Knight

The Spirit of a Mother's Day

Mildred B. Eyring
Member, General Board of Relief Society

DEAREST JIM:

Your very fine letter and beautiful card arrived today. Thank you so much for both. Your letters are always appreciated by all of us, and this special one to me is, of course, very precious. I shall put it in my treasure chest.

I confess that the occasion which prompted your message has always failed to arouse my own enthusiasm. My affection for my own parents and for my children, and theirs for me, has always been so spontaneous and deep that I have never welcomed the organized reminder of the relationship. (I know that I am very fortunate in having a devoted family, but I cannot believe that mothers whose children are habitually neglectful, greatly enjoy the artificially inspired remembrances those children may send once a year.)

I am sure that Miss Anna Jarvis had the very best of intentions when she started the idea of Mother's Day more than forty years ago, but I doubt that she foresaw how it would develop. In fact, I think I have read of her great disappointment in her later years at the way her idea had been modified and commercialized. Also, I suspect that she would have felt differently had she been a mother herself. She seems not to have realized that motherhood is its own reward, or punishment, depending on the sort of mother a woman is. Actually, the real debt owed by a child to his parents for life itself, must be paid to the next generation. When you begin bringing your children to visit us your debt will be paid in full. You've already overpaid us in happiness and pride for everything we've done for you.

Mothers are just people, you know. There are all kinds, strong and weak, good and bad, willing and reluctant. The biological accomplishment of motherhood does not insure affection for the child. Yet, it seems to me, filial love is almost universal in children.

In the almost-forgotten days when instinct was the accepted theory of psychologists, the affection of children for parents was more easily explained than it is now. But perhaps the recent rediscovery of the importance of affection in the lives of infants indicates that there might possibly have been a basis for the instinct theory after all. At any rate it is recognized that often a neglected child has a strong emotional attachment for his derelict parents. There are, of course, many derelict children in whom seemingly fine parents have somehow failed to instill respect and devotion.

I can think of one universal good that could come from an appointed Mother's Day such as we celebrate. If the emphasis were placed on the privileges, opportunities, and obligations of motherhood; and if on that day mothers tried to measure themselves objectively, counted their triumphs and mistakes, and then rededicated themselves to their tre-

mendous task, much good could come of it.

I know I could profit by such examination and resolution. I am aware of numerous shortcomings in me as a mother. The fact that you love me, as I know you do, is a blessing which I feel I do not fully deserve. I am grateful to a kind Creator for making us as we are. Repentance and forgiveness are wonderful. Love is a miracle. Yes, I am sure an annual examination would be worthwhile for me.

But, as a day of affectionate remembrance and real significance for both a mother and a child, I would prefer the birthday of the child. That is the day that belongs to both of them in a way that no other day can possibly belong. For a child to sense his indebtedness to his mother and to honor her on his birthday would enhance the meaning of the day for both of them, and would in no way detract from the attention the child customarily receives.

Of course, I may be accused of scheming to have five celebrations instead of one. In reality it would make one less, because all the birthdays are celebrated anyway. It would mean only that each child's remembrance of me would be a very special one, unrelated and uncompared to that of any other. And another advantage not to be ignored, would be the impossibility of grand-scale commercialism. Any advertising that was done would surely be much diluted by the very necessity of daily repetition. Still another very real advantage would be that the unfortunate women who are denied motherhood, and those, even more unfortunate, whose children fail to remember them, would not be made more unhappy by the unavoidable reminder of their misfortune as they are at present on Mother's Day.

Forgive me for writing such a dissertation on the subject. Your letter prompted the idea. I have just let my thoughts ramble and they've come out this way. What do you think of them? Shall I start something? Don't worry! You know I am not the campaigning type. But someday, perhaps, someone with more of a flair for that sort of thing will do something about making the observance of motherhood more in the spirit of motherhood.

It is good to know you are well and that your work is moving along so satisfactorily. I am sure the Lord will bless you for your devotion to it. I pray that he will bless you also for your devotion to me. I am very sincere when I close with the familiar phrase,

Worlds of love—

MOTHER

Forever

Mary Gustafson

Miles may separate us,
Years may dull the face,
But the heart remembers
And spans both time and space.

A Tribute to Miss Tracy

Sylvia Probst Young

SPRING had come to Indian Bend, and on that Sabbath morning in May the world was at its loveliest. Our apple trees were gowned in white blossoms, and in the willows by the creek the blackbirds were holding their morning concert while we held Sunday School. I was playing the prelude music, and from my place at the organ I could look down at the congregation. The chapel was full, there was scarcely a vacant seat because it was a special morning—it was Mother's Day.

The mothers were seated on the first three rows of benches, and the sunlight coming through the stained glass window seemed to cast a sort of radiance around them that was almost heavenly. I looked at their faces—all familiar. One or two new mothers were occupying that place of honor for the first time. As I looked at them I thought of Miss Tracy. Surely she should have been among the mothers, for there is not an individual in Indian Bend who hasn't been mothered in one way or another by her.

Miss Tracy had come in a few minutes before and slipped quietly into a seat near the door. I could see her gentle, smiling face framed by the soft gray hair. And propped against the bench was the crutch that she always used. Miss Tracy is our school teacher. For over thirty years she has taght the first three grades in Indian Bend, and she seems as much a part of the school as the old ivy that climbs against it. How familiar is that figure, a crutch under her left arm, limping slightly as she goes. Miss Tracy has used that crutch almost all of her life. Folks say she had some kind of disease when she was a child and it left her left leg shorter. If her lameness is any sort of handicap to her, though, no one knows it. She seems to be able to do almost anything anyone else can, and she always wears a smile.

My mother was in the first grade when Miss Tracy started to teach school back in 1918. Miss Tracy was just eighteen then, and she was engaged to be married. On the mantle in her living room is a picture of a young man in uniform—George Hayward from Clarksville. She told me about him once when I was spending an evening with her.

"That was a long time ago," she said, and her eyes grew wistful. "George was a handsome fellow and a good one, he could have married any girl in the country. So wasn't I a lucky girl to be loved by him?"

(That might have been true. But on the mantle is another picture of a girl—a lovely girl with sparkling eyes and a smiling face, a girl who radiated joy. So I would think that George Hayward was lucky to be engaged to her.)

"We had so many wonderful plans—just like young people do now—but there was a war and George had to go. I remember as if it were yesterday how we went down to Clarksville in Dad's white-

top buggy to bid the boys goodbye. It was hard saying goodbye. I stood on the station platform with his arms around me. 'I'll be back, honey,' he whispered, 'I'll be back before we know it.'

"But when the boys came back he didn't come with them. He was killed at Chateau-Thierry. I think that they buried part of my heart beside him. But I tried very hard to keep my grief inside, and I found the best way to do that was to keep busy. Work was good medicine. I decided then that if I couldn't have any children of my own maybe I could help mother other peoples'. And so I've kept teaching school and trying to help those who need me.

"And one of these days," she laughed and her eyes danced, "I'm just likely to up and steal somebody's youngster when they're not looking."

That was like Miss Tracy to end her story with a joke. She said that she had kept busy—how true that was. She has had time to sit up nights with the sick, to bake a pie for a tired mother, to read to some "shut-in," to sew for a needy family. She is never too tired to hear someone's troubles or to give sympathy and encouragement.

I once asked her if she didn't get lonesome in her big house all alone since her father died.

She smiled. "I never really feel like I'm alone," she said. "There's usually someone dropping in. Then I have my piano, and I like to get out the music that we used to sing and play it over."

Yes, Miss Tracy should have been a mother. How different her life might have been if George Hayward had returned. But that just wasn't to be.

* * * * *

OUR Mother's Day program was beautiful. Mrs. Chandler sang "Mother Machree" as only she can sing it, and Mr. Shelley's tribute to our mothers was almost a masterpiece. The concluding part of the program was passing the carnations. We always give carnations to our mothers in Indian Bend. For some reason or other we have never changed that custom.

"The girls in Mrs. Hamilton's class will now present carnations to our mothers," Brother Boyle announced.

Mrs. Hamilton teaches the eight-year-olds. There were six little girls there to pass the flowers—and one of them was Peggy Gillis. My heart ached when I saw her, for Peggy's mother is dead. Mrs. Gillis died two years ago, and since then her children (there are five of them) have had quite a struggle. Mr. Gillis' work keeps him out of town except for the week ends, and fourteen-year-old Jean has tried to take her mother's place, and that is a big order. Miss Tracy has been little less than their guardian angel. Of course she never tells how she helps them can fruit, and sews for them, or the many evenings she spends at their home. But they tell it, and no one is surprised.

I looked at Peggy. She didn't look like an orphan, she was wearing a new dress and a new pink ribbon in her hair. I had a feeling that Miss Tracy had made the dress, but I didn't know. I did wish that

she wasn't up there passing flowers, though, it made me want to cry. Of course Mrs. Hamilton couldn't tell her not to, and maybe her sister didn't want to tell her not to either.

Mrs. Hamilton gave each little girl a bouquet of the fresh, spicy blooms, and they walked quietly among the mothers, giving one to each. When all of the mothers had received flowers the children walked back to their seats—all except Peggy Gillis. She stood a moment and looked around, then smiled and walked quickly down the aisle. At a bench beside the door she stopped, and, taking a big, red carnation from her bouquet, she thrust it into Miss Tracy's hand. Before Miss Tracy could stop her or say a word she had turned and was hurrying back to her place. You could have heard a pin drop in our little chapel. I thought I saw tears in Miss Tracy's eyes, but I was too far away to be sure.

Brother Boyle rose then to make the concluding remarks, and I am sure that he voiced what we had all been thinking.

"Today we have honored our mothers," he said, "all of them. For surely we all know that there are mothers who have no children of their own, but are mothers nonetheless, for *theirs are mother hearts.*"

Those words seemed like a benediction, and I thought that never had words been more appropriate than were those words for Miss Tracy.

Just how much that simple, childish expression of love had meant to her I learned two weeks later when I had an occasion to visit her. On her big, old kitchen table in a little glass bud vase was a carnation—once red, but now withered and brown looking. And if you should look at her keepsakes some day, I have an idea you would find it among them, because for Miss Tracy that little carnation was the perfect tribute.

Not Happiness Alone

Vesta N. Lukei

Love is not happiness alone,
Nor deep content,
But life's complete full overtone
And testament.

It is the reaching for a star,
The restless yearning
After dreams that shine afar
With midnight burning.

It is the shining filament,
Quicksilver bright,
That weaves a pattern, heaven-sent,
Through day and night.

It is the understanding heart
That, knowing sorrows
Of yesterday, with greater art
Creates tomorrows.

Love holds all joy the heart has known,
And soul's lament;
It is not happiness alone,
Nor deep content.

Lily Pool—Rock Garden Combination

Willard Luce

SOMEHOW a lily pool and a rock garden just seem to belong together, like peaches and cream or bread and butter. A well-planned and well-planted rock garden makes a natural and beautiful backdrop for the pool and brings a bit of mountain loveliness into your garden.

The sides of the pool should curve informally and naturally to fit into the space. And the dirt shoveled from the pool makes a natural elevation for your rock garden!

There are a great many beautiful and highly colored stones which make wonderful museum pieces but are not especially suitable for rock gardens. Their bright colors fight for attention with the blossoms, and no plant can grow upon the rocks themselves. Then there is always the tendency to stand the rocks up so that the end result is more like a cemetery than the natural bank of a mountain pool.

A far better stone is one which is soft and porous, such as are found near many mineral springs. These usually have soft, neutral colors. The cavities help hold the soil and furnish a growing place for rock garden plants.

And don't limit yourself to what some seed catalogues classify as rock garden plants! Almost any plant which does not grow too tall can be used: spring bulbs, pansies, petunias, poppies, dwarf iris, violas, to name just a few. Remember, however, your space is limited, and you must plan carefully so as to have a continuous succession of blossoms throughout the growing season.

In the pool itself you will want water lilies of different colors. These will cover much of the pool with large, round, green leaves, and furnish a variety of blossoms from late spring until early fall.

Water hyacinths are beautiful. In the South they grow so profusely as to clog the streams and canals. In the North, however, they die out during the winter unless taken up and cared for inside. In most cases their cost, plus this extra care, makes their value to a lily pool in the North somewhat doubtful.

Certain native plants, such as cattails and arrowheads, are abundant in many states and can add much to the beauty of your pool. Cattails must be watched carefully, however, or they will crowd everything else out. And care must be exercised in securing native plants to see that you don't also include a start of the many native mosses. Most of these are rapid growers which, if left alone, will soon crowd out and kill the other plants.

Another beautiful plant, but also a crowder, is the water iris. However, after a few years you will probably find your pool too crowded regardless of what you plant. Then is the time for a good spring

pool cleaning and plant balancing. Thin generously or you will be repeating the job before very long!

IF goldfish are to be kept in the pool, it would be wise to include some oxygenating plant such as Elodea, which will generate oxygen within the water of the pool, thus keeping it fresh. Also keep a piece of it in your aquarium with your fish during the winter months. It will keep the aquarium water fresh and provide you with a new start for your lily pool should that which you leave outside winterkill.

Snails are also helped by the Elodea and in turn help keep the pool free from decayed animal and vegetable matter. They, too, can be kept in the aquarium during the winter.

Frogs not only keep the pool free of mosquito larvae and various other insects; but they also furnish summer evening choruses—if you happen to enjoy summer evening choruses furnished by frogs.

Besides the beauty which a lily pool-rock garden combination brings to your back yard, it will also prove an invaluable source of nature study for yourself and your children.

You will be able to watch the bees flying from flower to flower, observe the hornets landing on the lily pads for a drink of water. You might even see the ugly nymph crawl up an arrowhead stem, split its own skin down the back and emerge a beautiful and shining dragonfly. You might see . . . . Oh, you might see any number of wonderful things from your lily pool and rock garden. If you don't already have such a combination, you might start planning for one in the future. It will be worth it!

Willard Luce

QUEEN OF THE POOL, THE WATER LILY (NYMPHAEA), RISES ABOVE ITS BROAD AND SHINING LEAVES

It Happened One Day

Edna Rae Madsen

SPRING in Arizona is cool and pleasant. Bright cardinals flash everywhere; yellow grosbeaks fill the shrubs and bushes; mockingbirds sing all night long. The children go to school with no coats on. They skip and sing, play jacks and marbles, and hopscotch, long before their northern cousins.

However, I felt a bit lonely and dispirited in spite of the lovely weather; but that day something unexpected was to happen to change all my feelings.

Frank, my husband, taught music at the junior college, which was just down two houses and across the street from our place. As a special event there, Mr. Paul Bliss, the well-known pianist, was scheduled to play a concert. He was expected to arrive about noon on the bus from El Paso, and play at eight o'clock in the evening.

The concert was well advertised, and all the students were anticipating the event with a degree of excitement, but, for me, it seemed to have a special significance from the first time I had heard of it. One of my piano teachers years ago had given me "Twilight Dance," a piece by Mr. Bliss. The piece had always been a delight to me, and the name of Paul Bliss was so closely associated with it that it was a very real part of my impression of it. In fact, whenever I played it, it lifted me out of a despondency I often felt over the fact that I was not a great pianist myself, instead of *just* a housewife and mother. I had painted, too, majoring in art, and this also added to my discontent.

The possibility of actually hearing Mr. Bliss in person, after all these years of playing this piece, had given me a new lease on life, as it were, and I could hardly wait for the concert.

As Frank went over to school that morning at nine o'clock, he noticed a strange man, with graying hair, wearing a plain brown coat and gray trousers, walking about the campus. Some classes had begun, so the grounds were empty of students. The man was wandering aimlessly about, enjoying the warm sunshine.

He was near the tennis courts when Frank went to him and spoke a cheerful good morning, instinctively realizing that this man was the renowned pianist. He had come on the early bus! Shamefully embarrassed that their famous guest had been neglected, Frank hurried him over to our place.

I had just finished the breakfast dishes and the bedmaking, for which I was definitely thankful. The three older children had gone to school, and little John was playing about, carrying the kitten backwards, as usual, under his arm.

By a nod of his head, Frank made it known to me that Mr. Bliss had not had breakfast. Suddenly realizing who was actually in the house, I went into action.

My emotions began getting the better of me, and my trembling hands kept nearly dropping things,

but the smile just wouldn't leave my face.

Mr. Bliss seemed highstrung, too! He kept coming into the kitchen nervously to see what I was doing. In the excitement, we kept bumping into each other. It was the most delightful confusion! I poured boiling water in the cup of postum, but, before I could pick it up, Mr. Bliss was right there and carried it into the dining room himself.

Once we were seated and eating, things quieted down. Frank talked about the climate while I made fresh toast and postum. He ate a little with Mr. Bliss to ease the tension he knew I felt, but Frank looked a little nervous, too.

When we were finished, Mr. Bliss jumped up from his place and began clearing the table. I tried at first to protest, but gave up and just let nature take its course!

Fearing that I hadn't done too well with breakfast, and he might leave, and so put an end to such a remarkable adventure, I stood in the kitchen tensely, listening.

To my great relief, Frank said, "You stay right here and practice on our piano—just make yourself right at home."

MR. Bliss graciously accepted. A silence followed—and then Mr. Bliss noticed the paintings on the walls. (They were the ones I had done in my student days.) Frank and Mr. Bliss went from one painting to another, making comments. I tiptoed along behind to listen. The picture hanging over little John's bed seemed to interest Mr. Bliss. He looked at it very intently.

"Your wife has a lovely talent," he said.

I floated back into the kitchen and was almost consumed with pure joy.

"I'll make a cake," I decided, and started sifting flour, to work off my feelings. It would be a delicate pink and white cake, with white fairy frosting. We would have a royal dinner! I proceeded to make plans for it. My painting was good! Mr. Bliss had liked it!

Instinctively checking on little John first, I went to the front door. There he was, riding pickaback on Mr. Bliss' shoulders all around the front lawn. His arms tight about our visitor's neck, laughing joyously, he hung on as Mr. Bliss trotted and bounced about on his hands and knees. Frank had a big smile on his face. Mr. Bliss was smiling, too. What fun there was!

I stood watching, and thought sadly, *no son of his own!* All of my selfishness about music and painting swept over me. I went remorsefully back to the kitchen and bowed my head in thankfulness for all of my children—and especially this last one, our beautiful baby.

Frank brought little John in to me, and the two men walked together back to the college. They later went to lunch together with some of the faculty members at the cafeteria. About one-thirty they returned, bringing a large suitcase with them. The case had been made especially to hold Mr. Bliss' formal suit to wear at the concert.

Since I did not know this, I asked him, "May I press your suit for you?"

He looked at me strangely and answered, "No."

Thoughts of his appearing in a wrinkled suit flitted through my

mind intermittently during the remainder of the afternoon.

I had straightened our front bedroom, smoothed the spread, drawn the blinds, closed the door, and made it as quiet, inviting, and restful as possible. There was a large Indian rug on the floor, and white curtains, with wide, soft ruffles, at the windows. Altogether, it would do, I felt, and Mr. Bliss could rest and perhaps sleep, if he wished. In this room we put his suitcase. He seemed quite at home, and I prepared to enjoy the rest of the day, after putting John to bed in the back room.

While I finished the cake and prepared the dinner, Mr. Bliss settled himself at the piano.

AFTER a time I became aware of the music coming from the living room. At first there had been scales and arpeggios over and over. And the satisfaction of knowing that he was playing our piano had been quite enough. Now I realized I was hearing a melody which completely captivated me. It disappeared, returned, in a most teasing, haunting manner.

Fascinated, I went near the piano. "What a lovely melody keeps running through that . . . ."

This comment pleased Mr. Bliss greatly, and he explained, "It is the *Warsaw Concerto*. It was written by a very young man, they say, a soldier. It is his first composition. I am memorizing it, and it is rather difficult, because I am memorizing it from the orchestral score rather than from the piano score. Some of it I am having to compose or fill in myself. It is a beautiful composition."

I stood watching him in silence for some time, thinking about the young soldier. Then, noticing how dark it was, I asked, "Do you want the light on?"

"No," he answered, "I always practice with my eyes closed, and better in a dark room. Much of it I do at night with the lights off."

I was silent again, enchanted with all of this.

Finally, I returned to the kitchen, listening intently as the practicing continued, but occasionally was drawn back irresistibly to watch his long fingers race each other up and down the keys.

Once, he began telling me about his mother, "who" (he explained), "taught me for many years while I was young. We played my lessons over every day together. She sat right by my side until we finished the lesson, an hour or so every day. She was a wonderful person. A wonderful inspiration to me. Her devotion to me as a child and her teaching are the real reasons I have been able to accomplish what I have."

He was very eloquent in praise of his mother, but extremely modest concerning himself. Obviously he had loved her dearly.

The practicing continued, as over and over he played parts of the concerto—memorizing it. And the melody that threaded its way through it was dyed into my own mind until to this day I need but to hear it to relive my memorable experience with that great pianist.

Fearful of missing a moment, I stayed close to the house. About three-thirty Mr. Bliss decided to walk over to the church to familiarize himself with the piano there.

He had just settled himself to rehearsing his evening program when he was surprised by the arrival of a great many children and their teachers with books and lessons. In a matter of minutes they had completely taken over the church and there was nothing for him to do but leave. From the front door I saw him making his way down the long front steps of the building, completely surrounded by a horde of noisy, disheveled youngsters. He escaped and returned to our house as fast as possible, disappointed, but glad to find a quiet refuge.

"What was it over there?" he asked me, puzzled.

I laughed a little. "It's *Primary*," I answered, feeling unable to explain.

HE looked at me, still puzzled. I made a few remarks about children's religion classes, and let it go.

Several times during the afternoon Mr. Bliss disappeared into the bedroom, softly closing the door behind him. He is lying down to rest for awhile, I thought to myself. He would come out each time looking very much refreshed, as if he had slept. This, and the concerto, continued all afternoon.

Later, when he went over to the church again, leaving the door to his room open, I glanced in and noticed that the bed had not been touched. Puzzled, I looked about. The bed had not been slept on, I was positive. Yet Mr. Bliss had evidently slept. What had happened? What a strange person! And how had he refreshed himself?

When Frank came home Mr. Bliss began chatting about music, their common interest, but soon Mr. Bliss was telling him all about his wife whom he had recently married.

"She is a lovely wife," he said dreamily. "She stopped in Albuquerque to rest while I came on here. If I had known how it was here I should have brought her with me."

The children and I wrapped up a small box of pecan nuts from our tree and tied it with a ribbon.

"Take these with you. They are for her," I offered.

He accepted them eagerly. "She will like them very much." His eyes, as he thought of her, filled with a loving light.

I kept worrying about his evening suit, still locked in the case. My husband was anxious, too.

"Do you want to get ready for the concert before we eat or . . . ?" Frank asked.

Mr. Bliss just looked at us in that strange way again, and said, "No."

The table, with the green salad, salmon loaf, homemade bread and butter, and the delicate white cake, cut in squares on little plates, and red raspberries from Utah in our tall sherbet glasses, made a very pleasant looking table. We sat down proudly, with the children all around beaming and smiling. We asked the blessing, and then we began our royal meal.

But, to our surprise, Mr. Bliss declined the food we offered, but said apologetically, "If I could just have this good *bread and milk*, that is all."

He insisted upon that simple fare but, to please me, he ate a generous piece of my cake and the ber-

ries. Seeing him there, the light on his face, surrounded by my beaming children, I felt that my own father was fed.

Having finished, Mr. Bliss jumped up from the table and started carrying his plate into the kitchen, and he kept on until the whole table was cleared, try as I would to make him feel he didn't need to help at all. It was really exciting, though, having such a famous man carrying the dishes. It has given my housework a glamorous touch forever after.

IT would soon be eight o'clock, time for the concert.

Finally Mr. Bliss went into the bedroom, and in a very few minutes out he came in a perfectly pressed black suit, with tails—white, stiff shirt, and all!

The church was filled to the brim, and there were flowers near the grand piano.

At first Mr. Bliss was very quiet and formal, but the friendliness of the audience soon affected him, and he became more relaxed. The applause he received was genuine, and I know he felt it.

To describe the scene is impossible for me, but I will say that none of us had ever heard anything like it before. His music was marvelous. It was perfect! And what do you think, for one of the encores he played my "Twilight Dance"! I wonder if Frank had anything to do with that? I hoped not. I would want that to have just happened.

As soon as it was over, we walked over to the dormitory where a reception was to be held. Everything was ready, the faculty women having seen to that, and the table was a picture. The place was crowded, and there was much talking and visiting and gaiety.

Afterwhile I noticed that Mr. Bliss was missing. But where could he be? No one seemed to know. He had just gone.

I clutched Frank's arm and suggested anxiously that we had better find out what had happened. We slipped out and hurried home as soon as possible. No one was in sight. Horror-stricken, we looked about us. Frank opened the bedroom door. There he was, our guest, on the floor! Asleep! But at the opening of the door, he awakened, and we both stood staring at him.

The question was in our faces.

"It's the way I relax," he said. "I lie down perfectly flat and straight, and go to sleep immediately."

"So that's where you slept this afternoon!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "I have to do it to endure the strenuous work of my career."

IT was nearly time for the bus, so we had to collect our thoughts, as well as Mr. Bliss' things. The suitcase, the music, and all, were soon ready. After such an exciting day and evening, I was very tired. It was nearly midnight.

"Don't forget the nuts," I reminded him.

Mr. Bliss looked at me with great compassion, "You are tired, aren't you?" he remarked.

I smiled weakly but happily. "This has been a wonderful, wonderful day," I said sincerely. "A wonderful day."

We said goodbye, and Frank walked ahead of him out to our old car, carrying the suitcase. Mr. Bliss' shoulders drooped noticeably. He looked old. If we could just keep him here with us—just us and the children in quiet, peaceful Arizona! They drove to meet the bus that would take Mr. Bliss to another city, another audience, another adventure.

We were left to go on as usual at home, but with something new added. Something that had lifted us up and up and up! Life would never seem dull to me again. Being a mother was wonderful, and marriage—real and beautiful—was what I wanted after all! How blessed I was with Frank and the children!

And dear Mr. Bliss. God go with him and bless him all of his life!

I Am Partial to Maytime

Grace M. Candland

"There is no time like spring
When life's alive in everything."
—Rossetti

IT is true. This is a morning of creation, with all its bewildering beauty. It is free to everyone who will take the time to see it and give an attentive ear to its music and quiet unfolding.

Since the miracle of spring comes every year, we are likely to become but casual observers of the wonderful awakening all about us.

The day begins with the soft glow of daybreak, fair as a garden pink. The stillness of this lovely hour makes one feel that he is standing in the light of two worlds, so thin seems the curtain between them. Then the sun brings one back to reality. One sees the landscape bursting with new life, a veritable garden of Eden rising from the frost and snowbound earth of last December.

How can we describe the teeming growth emerging from the dewy bath of the night? The jeweled grass, millions of dripping green buds, flowers of every hue growing side by side; a clear stream meandering through the valley; the blackbirds' serenade from the willows on its bank; the meadow lark's song of praise to heaven. All have an exhilarating touch that no other season can have,

Then there is the odor of freshly turned furrows that enhances a feeling of security and joy in the good earth which feeds the body as well as the soul.

We seem to forget the harsh, unpleasant things of life. Like the earth, we are renewed in our faith, our hope, our reverence for the Author of all this beauty, this fragrance and sweetness that comes to perfection in Maytime.

* * * *

Revelation

Marian Schroder Crothers

The tiny, dormant seeds,
That break through shrouding sod,
To flower in perfection,
Reveal the hand of God.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

MANNERS OF WORKING WOMEN: Every day you may see on our streets a large number of women, who go quietly and briskly to their different vocations. The majority are stenographers and clerks, though there is a slight sprinkling of dress makers, telephone exchange girls, compositors, and girls who work in book binderies, and printing offices. They are not brusque, masculine creatures as you might expect; on the contrary they wear bangs and ruffles and laces just as other women do. Some are pretty and some are plain; some plump, some thin, and so far as appearances go, they are like the rest of womenkind . . . .

—N. V. D.

TO AN UNKNOWN: You are melancholy; and you are brooding over your own distemper; and so aggravating it. Neither prayer or meditation will cure it. The difficulty is that you are self-centered. Every self-centered person must be either self-conceited or melancholy . . . . You are making everything revolve about yourself . . . . There is only one question: are you useful? No? Then become useful Set yourself, not to being happy, but to doing other people good. Forget yourself; think of others . . . . It is of small consequence whether you are happy or not. It is of much consequence whether you are of service to the world. Love is the cure for melancholy.

—Exchange

THE CAPSTONE

'Tis a joyous day for Israel,
Lo! the Capstone has been laid;
Saints and prophets, sires and sages,
For this day have longed and prayed;
See the mighty hosts assembled,
Hear the hills and valleys ring,
With the shouts and loud hosannas
Which they raise to God their king . . . .

—R. M. F.

WOMAN'S WORK IN MEXICO: The scenery from Diaz to Juarez, some seventy-five miles, is similar to that from Deming to Diaz, an open level country of vast extent with mountains and hills in the distance. We can trace the windings of the Casas Grande river by the lofty cottonwood trees growing on its banks . . . . We now reach Colonia Dublan, a settlement of our people, located on the banks of the river. The houses are of lumber and adobe. The farms slope from the road to the river . . . . Colonia Juarez is situated in a canon on the Piedras Verde river, which is lined with trees and runs lengthwise through the town. It is a thrifty, pretty little place, like an oasis in the desert; a number of handsome brick and concrete houses adorn the town. . . .—M.

NURSES AND ACCOUCHEURS: On Thursday evening, April 29, 1892, Dr. Ellis R. Shipp's class in Obstetrics and Nursing met at her residence, to enjoy a few hours socially after the winter's close application to study and their recent examinations which were passed successfully. A number of intimate friends met with them, our beloved Sister, Zina D. H. Young, joining in the congratulations and timely counsels to the ladies just starting out upon their important labors . . . .

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

VISITING in Salt Lake City recently, Mrs. Lenora S. Slaughter, executive secretary of the Miss America Pageant, stated that Colleen Kay Hutchins, Utah's Miss America, has brought more praise to the Pageant than has ever been expressed before. People are impressed by her wholesomeness, her religious and educational background, her refraining from drinking and smoking. Religious magazines have written her up as a Latter-day Saint girl. As a "goodwill ambassador" for the United States, she has been on a South American tour and will soon go to Europe.

MRS. DAVID (Andrea Mead) LAWRENCE, of Rutland, Vermont, nineteen years old, won the women's giant slalom ski race in the 1952 Winter Olympics at Norejfell, Norway. She is the second American woman in history to win an Olympic gold medal in skiing competition.

ELMA MILOTTE and her husband Alfred, naturalist photographers, are in Nairobi, Africa, for one or possibly two years, to record for Walt Disney's True-Life Adventure sagas the most savage animal life there. They do not resort to firearms or other lethal weapons, but lense their quarry from jungle ambush and waterhole blinds.

MRS. CHRISTEN (Juliaetta Bateman) JENSEN, of Provo, died January 21. Mrs. Jensen will be remembered for her story of her Mormon pioneer mother's life, *Little Gold Pieces* and for teaching large groups of women in such literary subjects as world literature, Browning, and the Bible.

A Letter to My Son is an interestingly written book by Ora Pate Stewart, which will impress readers—young or old—with the high value of moral stability, especially a life of chastity.

WOMEN'S Air Force Sergeant Dorthe Isenhour, a Latter-day Saint girl from Salt Lake City, is "right arm" assistant to Chaplain Raymond Mattheson at Samson Air Force Base, New York. She helps encourage the religious and moral welfare of servicemen and their dependents at the base. She aids many welfare projects, including operating audio-visual devices used in religious instruction.

MRS. ELIAS (ANNIE SWENSEN) JELTE, of Salt Lake City, a convert to the Church from Sweden, is now ninety-five years old and spends much time knitting, crocheting, and visiting her family, down to the seven great-great grandchildren.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 MAY 1952 NO. 5

"The Pursuit of Happiness"

THE Declaration of Independence declares, "We hold these truths to be self evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

In every age of history man has sought for happiness. Today, in the throes of uncertainty and tribulation, the people of the world seem to have lost the knowledge of how happiness is attained, and pursue a mad whirl searching for it in wickedness. The word of God "wickedness never was happiness" goes unheeded.

In spite of this longing for happiness, many people defile the marriage vows. Selfish interests and self-gratification rob innocent children of the sanctity of a righteous home. Some people seek happiness in a withdrawal from the world. Legion are the number who pursue happiness through the pursuit of wealth, often selling their honor and debasing their souls for material possessions. Men grasp power by crushing the weak and, as tools of Satan, repudiate the very existence of their God, while ostensibly seeking happiness.

To a Latter-day Saint it seems incredible that man can be so blind to happiness. The Prophet Joseph declared, "Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be the end thereof, if we pursue the path that leads to it; and this path is virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness, and keeping all the commandments of God. But we cannot keep all the commandments without first knowing them, and we cannot expect to know all, or more than we now know unless we comply with or keep those we have already received" (D.H.C. V, 134-135).

Relief Society was given to the daughters of God to help them pursue and attain happiness. Women often become so burdened in their household and mother duties and cares that there is a tendency to lose contact with others and confine their good works to their own family circle. Relief Society enlarges the souls of the sisters and guides them in service to others. Through its studies and work it inculcates "virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness" and teaches the commandments of God.

Serving the less fortunate, comforting the sorrowing, visiting the distressed, kindle a love within the heart which warms and glows, radiating happiness throughout one's being. Through greater forgetfulness of self the spirit reaches out until, at times, there comes a flooding happiness which seems to foreshadow the blessedness of the eternity to come.

More and more one meditates upon the selflessness of Christ.

How rare were the occasions when he could be alone! Day and night the multitudes followed him. So dedicated was he to the world that once when he was told, "thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee," he answered, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" (Matt. 12:47-50).

Relief Society trains the sisters of the Church for happiness. The pursuit of happiness ends in love of God and service to fellow men, and only by walking this path of light in righteousness will one reap happiness here and hereafter.

—M. C. S.

Our Young Mother

Iris W. Schow

Our young mother taught us to gladden our eyes
With the bright cyclorama that moves through the skies;
To circle the earth upon fiction's bold wings—
Through the practical use of impractical things.

To kindle tired minds with the sunset's warm glow,
To gloat over jewels of crystalline snow,
To harvest the manna the summer rain brings—
Through the practical use of impractical things.

To ward off the blows that the world made us bear,
By the armor of honor she gave us to wear;
To drink to our fill at the truth's hidden springs—
Through the practical use of impractical things.

Our mother was wise, though our mother was young;
The shawl of affection she carelessly flung
About us had more warmth than robes worn by kings—
Through the practical use of impractical things.

May Morning

Wanda E. Rhodes

The lilac's perfume fills the air,
The iris is in bloom,
But I must stay inside today
And clean this cluttered room.

A book lies open on the chair,
I long to know its ending,
But who can treat a novel fair
While over dishes bending?

My fingers yearn to scratch the soil,
And pet the tulip buds;
Oh, must I stay indoors and toil
In tubs of foaming suds?

Nay! A robin calls me out to play
With saucy criticism.
A plague to household tasks in May!
I will escape this prison.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Preview of Lessons to Be in the June Magazine

The general board is pleased to announce that the previews of the lessons for 1952-53 will appear in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, rather than in the July issue. This will enable Relief Society class leaders to begin to plan their work for the ensuing year earlier than heretofore.

A Portrait

Doris Riter

He painted a picture of dimpled face,
A childish figure in ribbons and lace,
With bluest of eyes and soft flaxen hair
And the picture's fair as the child is fair
But, oh, there's one thing he could not impart
The love for the child in the mother's heart.

Sharing Sunshine

Helen A. Nielsen

ONE bright spring day, I met a quiet woman with her arms full of manzanita. Shy, almost to the point of timidity, she offered me a bouquet. At the time of the year when cultured blooms were not yet ready to decorate our home, it was indeed a welcome gift. Its sturdiness bespoke the rocky hillside from which it had come. Its delicate pink color told of brilliant-colored sands swirled around its roots by rivulets of rain water.

While decorating the dining-room table, one had visions of rocks glistening with quartz, stones worn smooth by rushing flood waters from the hollow, and aromatic sage, cedar, and pine.

Oh, there was more than a few sprigs of manzanita on our dining-room table! There were memories of springtime hikes, the joy of having to use every part of one's lungs to conquer the mountainside, and a picnic eaten with hunger, and spiced with sand, with never enough water to quench the thirst. And the remembered thrill of that one sip of water someone was kind enough to share. One remembered the blue sky and the warm sun upon a bare head. Yes, that simple bouquet told many tales, and reminded one of the goodness of God to all his children here upon the earth he created for them.

I had one bouquet, but as I went from home to home, I found manzanita on the mantles, on the tables, and on the dressing tables of the homes I visited. Upon inquiring, I found at least six others with whom my friend had shared her springtime walk. Can one estimate the joy of that one armful of manzanita gathered in the quiet of a sun-warmed spring day?

Things My Mother Taught Me

Matia McClelland Burk

IN looking back over my life and considering the most worthwhile things in it, I feel everlasting gratitude to my mother. So many things that are fundamental to success and happiness came from her.

My mother taught me how to pray. I cannot remember when I learned the Lord's prayer. Our nightly petitions besought God's loving care for those dear to us, and always wound up "and bless everybody in the world." Can a child utter such a prayer nightly and hate anyone? I have friends of many colors, races, and creeds. As the years go on, even in time of war, I can still make that petition sincerely for all of God's children.

My mother taught me to love the scriptures. We lived on a ranch, and I was never in a church until after I was fourteen, but we kept the Sabbath. A friend sent us Sunday School lessons, and every Sunday we studied them.

Long years have passed since those Sunday sessions, but I often remember, in time of need, some verse of scripture memorized, or some vivid Bible story my mother read in her earnest, dramatic voice.

Whenever I hear the magnificent cadences of the nineteenth psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork," I see a grove of nine cottonwoods providing a shady haven to four listening girls. Or when I hear the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," I see the same group, cozily warm in winter, around a sheet-iron stove; always with the happy leader, slender, fair, auburn-haired and absorbed. Many were the passages of scripture that mother taught us from memory, for not only was her heart in God's word, but much of God's word was in her heart.

My father, much older than my mother, had a fine voice and sang the old ballads beautifully, yet it was my mother who taught us to sing, usually to the accompaniment of a guitar which she played very well. I have often heard her say that she did not have a good voice, but, though not very strong, it was clear and true. We learned to sing, and all four of us have found joy in singing through the years.

My mother taught me to love poetry, and must have early planted rhythm in my mind. In that desert country we did not know the grandeur of northern winters, but one of my early memories is of an imagined towering peak that I visualized when my mother quoted:

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."
>
> —"Manfred," by Lord Byron

Many such stanzas came singing to my heart. With such a background, it is not surprising that three of us girls have carved a small niche for ourselves in the world of poetry.

Later, when my father died and we moved into town, where my mother taught in the public schools, we learned a good many other things. Among these things were the courage to work; the need to hold up our heads and earn our way instead of expecting others to do for us; the habit of scrupulous honesty; the need to help others less fortunate than we; and the habit of saying something good about others or keeping still.

It has been many years since I have spent much time with mother, but often my heart turns in gratitude to this little retired teacher, now bent and white-haired, but still peppery at times, full of ambition and as active as the doctor and her health will allow.

She writes charming letters to us, her children, to her doting grandchildren, and to a legion of friends and former pupils. She makes keepsakes and doll clothes for her seven great-grandchildren, and loves to hear news of them.

We often smile at the way things were done long ago. But in the days of doubt and turmoil, I often wonder if I have given my children as much to live by, as much to hold close in memory, as she, my mother, gave to me.

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Some Spring

Grace Sayre

Some spring, when lilacs wave their purple plumes
And sweet wisteria hangs her pendant blooms,
Through starry night and mystic petal rain,
I'll sense the fragrant spring along the lane.
Where fields of clover scent the greening land;
There I'll wave a longing, beckoning hand,
Wishing again for this ecstatic dream,
My heart's swift rapture where the spring stars gleam.

A "Needle and Thread" Hobby

MARTHA JONES, PROVO, UTAH, HAS MADE SIXTY WEDDING QUILTS

"AUNT" Martha Jones of Provo, Utah, who is sometimes affectionately called "Grandma Jones," has developed a hobby which keeps her happy and brings much joy to others. In her later years she has completed sixty wedding quilts, as well as many other quilts of different patterns. Shown with Mrs. Jones in the picture are a double wedding ring quilt and a silk quilt of double fan design. The silk quilt was made for a woman from South Africa who visited in Utah during the past summer.

An active Relief Society worker, Sister Jones has served for twenty-two years as an officer and forty years as a visiting teacher. The mother of seven children, she still found time for nursing and for community service. Now, at the age of eighty-four, she is grateful for the time which she can spend on her favorite hobby—quiltmaking.

MARTHA JONES

Every Night at Our House

Thelma Hatch

WE have lots of good times at our house—turkey dinners, birthday parties, blizzards, and everything that makes life full. But there is one time that will always stand out above the rest in my memory. That is bedtime.

Night begins to roll over the valley, and before we can finish our bread and milk, it drops a little darkness that hovers over our house on the hill. As Grandpa always said, it's a good thing our house was built on a hill. Just the six of us keep its foundations rocking continually.

A family of six isn't so big, just Daddy, Mother, a big sister, Colleen, then in-between me, the brother LeRoy, then last, but not least, the pin-cushion of the family, Maybell.

This really isn't a big family, but it's the other members that add up. Other members, like Maybell's pet chicken, pet lamb, pet dog, another pet dog, pet horse, pet frog, pet pig, and pets are so attachable.

These members are not really unwelcome, but there is one little bit of humanity that is! It steps into the family tree just about when we're through with our bread and milk. It's the unpardonable, unforgiving clock.

Mother must feel something in the air about this time, because, at the same time every night, her head turns in the same direction, to look at the same clock, on the same shelf, with the same meaning.

"Bedtime!"

We four offspring run for refuge, but the selfish little clock still says eight o'clock, just as haughty as any clock can say it, without saying a word.

Again Mother gives the signal. "*Bedtime!*"

It's very hard to hear from one room to the other.

"Bedtime!" Oh-oh, this time Mother means it. She has the fly swatter. Then what follows is as regular as the sun rising and setting. LeRoy moans a ten-year-old moan, puts down his book, and worms himself into the kitchen. This time it's carrots, lettuce, raisins, bread crusts, and "Haven't we anything to eat, Mom?"

Mother doesn't hear. She has her head behind the hall door searching frantically for Maybell's pajamas. "Now think, Maybell, think!"

This is where I put down my algebra, almost too gladly, and head for the bathroom. Of course Colleen is already there, putting up her hair. Someday maybe I'll be a senior, too!

A rumble is heard as LeRoy dumps his loot on his dresser, then he runs down the hall and calls, "Hurry up!"

Colleen finally sails dreamily out of the bathroom and down the hall to our bedroom. She must have had a date last night.

Mother comes storming into the bathroom. "Thelma, where are they? You always hang them up. Now think, Thelma, *think!*"

Now, where do I think I put Maybell's pajamas this morning? I haven't the faintest idea, but I try to sound hopeful. "Did you look behind the hall door?"

Mother sighs.

Nearly every night I look behind the hall door for Maybell's pajamas, and often little Maybell has to sleep in something else. Maybell slides down the hall to the middle bedroom.

Off in the distance a terrific sound is accumulating. Maybell describes it as a geyser going off. But it's only Daddy tearing from the barn to the house. "I'll be late," he gasps, "late *again!*" as he heads into his bedroom and slams the door.

OUT in the hall I sit down and contemplate. Is this Wednesday again? Daddy is going to his stake presidency meeting, so it must be. I never remember a calendar hanging in our house. We have a system all our own, and it's very simple.

When Daddy goes to a Sunday School meeting, it's Monday; when he goes to a Mutual meeting it's Tuesday; on Wednesday night he goes to a stake presidency meeting; Friday night is a dance directors meeting. Saturday night he goes to a ward conference; and when Daddy goes to church all day—it's Sunday.

Really there is no need for a calendar.

Outside a honk is heard. The stake president is honking for his first counselor. Swish! Daddy rushes through the bedroom door, grabbing a handful of clothing and takes the forty yard dash down the hall. Someday it will turn out to be his shirt and the bottoms of Maybell's pajamas that he grabs. He gets as far as the dining room, then drops his brief case as a signal. Then all the family come from everywhere and kneel down for family prayers. Although all is not peace and quiet afterwards, a spirit of love and thankfulness lingers with us.

Mother thinks she will go see if Daddy looks the same as he did last night when he was running to a meeting. "It might not even be the same man," she sighs. She runs to one end of the hall just to see Daddy run out the other end. But we catch the scent of his face lotion, and Mother smiles, "It's the same." It used to be his hair oil that we smelled, but he doesn't need that anymore.

Mother finally has Maybell and LeRoy tucked away in the middle bedroom. She doesn't expect them to go to sleep so early, but the attempt is made. She wearily goes to her back bedroom and lies down, hoping to sleep. It is now after nine o'clock, and all lights have to be out.

I know what to expect when I go into our front bedroom. Colleen is in bed reading her missionary's letters. I sit on the floor and listen and listen and listen, just like I wanted to be converted.

From the middle bedroom we hear a yelp from LeRoy, guardian of the food, and then Maybell, "Well, Mother, LeRoy won't give me any raisins!"

WHEN I climb in bed for what I hope will be the last time at night, and it is usually after ten

o'clock, I find Colleen reading army letters this time. We haven't quite decided if our new brother will be a missionary or a soldier.

At last Collen turns off our light, only to call out, "Mother, somebody left the yard light on!"

Mother calls down the hall and says since Colleen is the oldest she had better go turn it off. Then Colleen remembers that she forgot to write in her diary and begs, "Thelma, if you'll turn it off tonight, I'll just love you."

Of course, I don't want any hard feelings, so I go outside and turn out the light. Some night if I get electrocuted on that yard light, there will be a ghost wandering around.

Mother sweetly calls down the hall to see if we have our windows open, and Maybell decides she forgot to say her prayers. We are very quiet while every person, place, and thing in the world is blessed, and then the little angel creeps back into bed.

As the course of the night wears on, Mother wonders if the water hose is still on the pansies, but, since it is after nine, I can't turn on the lights.

I take the journey to the pansy bed and swim the flood. Also I usually lock myself out of the house and have to detour to the back door.

Mother groans about her teeth, and LeRoy has finished all but one carrot.

Back in bed once more, time wears on, and finally Daddy comes home. Mother thinks it was surely a good, long meeting. Maybell thinks we've had a nice time, too.

The minute Daddy opens the door, Maybell starts to giggle. Daddy puts down his brief case and demands, "Great Scott! Aren't you kids asleep yet?"

"Yes," we all answer in a chorus, "you just woke us up!"

Recipe for American Chop Suey

Lila B. Smith

I like to make chop suey in the morning when I am going out to Relief Society or Primary, and have it ready to pop in the oven the minute I get home. The delicious aroma that comes from the oven while it is baking delights everyone. This recipe also makes a very good luncheon dish for the Relief Society work meeting.

INGREDIENTS

½ lb. sausage
½ lb. ground beef
2 large chopped onions
salt and pepper
Fry till brown, drain off the grease.

Add:
1 pt. tomatoes
1 c. cooked rice
1 c. cooked macaroni
1 c. white sauce made with the grease in which the meat was cooked.

Sprinkle cracker crumbs on top, and bake 45 minutes at 375°.

You can use all ground beef, if you care to, instead of part sausage, and you can add one can of mushroom soup, just as it comes in the can, in place of white sauce. Both ways are delicious.

This recipe serves ten.

Hal Rumel

ASPEN TREES IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

A Certain Pledge

Harriett L. George

A tree stands like a certain pledge
Of God's unfailing love;
So sturdy and dependable,
It reaches far above
The other growing things of earth;
And he who plants a tree
Has placed his hand in that of God
For all the world to see.

A storm may lay the garden low
And strip the shrubs of bloom,
May scatter fear in human hearts,
Create an air of gloom.
But when the sky is clear again
And men resume their calm,
The tree stands firmly in its place,
Its strength a healing balm.

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 5

Beatrice R. Parsons

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She meets Anne Clayton and Jeanne Beatty, friends of Matthew's, and becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric recluse, who has been asked to help financially with the building of a much-needed hospital in Sky Valley. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured since childhood, have become to her a symbol of possession, and yet she gradually learns to share herself and her husband with others.

DURING the days which followed one another like bright, shimmering beads in a necklace of hours, Lorna grew more and more used to living in Westfield, although she had never given up her dream of going back to Utah, and Doctors' Center.

However, she talked little about it to Matt. Since the time Jim Nason had talked to her, she had seemed to know that Matt would not like to leave Westfield. He still had his dream of a hospital for Sky Valley. She wanted to shake Jim Nason. With all that money, he would have nothing but a foolish statue of himself to show for it!

She knew the people needed a hospital, but there was nothing she could do to help them get one. So she pushed the thought from her mind and dreamed of living in her own home town once again.

Lorna was often alone, in spite of the fact that Matt sometimes took her with him when he went to pay calls. Once in a while Matt and Lorna drove to a neighboring farm or ranch where mumps, measles, or chicken-pox held children prisoners.

Lorna amused herself by making scrapbooks from cut-outs from the pages of magazines. Matt's office was filled with medical magazines. And there were all of Hallie's R. N. magazines, but none of the pictures were for small children.

So Lorna bought and read the women's magazines, then cut them up for pictures. Always, she was rewarded by a smile from some small bulging, or speckled, little countenance.

So the days cut themselves into a pattern. There were her light household duties. The old house was not hard to keep clean, and she used her wedding gifts to make it attractive. Matt said she could have lived in a barn and soon would have made it over into a home. She liked hearing him praise her, and kept the house spic-and-span for him.

She also tried to take as many burdens as she could from Hallie's stiff, unbending shoulders. Hallie never thanked her. But Matt's grin showed that he knew. And understood!

Matt and Uncle John tried hard to keep office hours from ten until five.

More often than not, they ran until six or seven. And aside from his duties as general practitioner, Matt was also a local health officer. Sometimes he had to drive into neighboring towns to check on complaints.

Lorna looked ruefully into his tired face. "I know how it is, Matt. Besides the physical exertion of your twelve, fourteen, and sometimes almost twenty-four-hour days, there's the emotional strain, too. I can feel it when you're with a sick child. Or when Jeanne calls and you sit and look at her, almost probingly."

There was an unspoken question in her tone, and Matt nodded almost imperceptibly. "She's been complaining, lately, about tiny, shooting pains from the tips of her fingers to the back of her neck . . . ."

"And that could mean, Matt?" prompted Lorna worriedly.

"It could mean . . ." he began, then shook his head as though to dispel such a notion. "It could mean nothing except that Jeanne is tired. She taught school all winter. And all summer she's been conducting classes for those children who didn't make their grades. She needs a rest."

"Why not send her away, Matt!" Lorna's voice had been eager. But it tensed as Matt glanced into her face with puzzled eyes. "Oh, no," she cried quickly, knowing that he was remembering the wild hawk which had intruded into their tight little twosome. "Oh, no, Matt! I didn't mean it that way . . . ."

Matt's eyes were deep and tender. "I'm sure you didn't, Lorna."

She groped for words, still flushed, a little ashamed. "If there was only some way to make her take a vacation. If you could order her to rest. Perhaps I could take over her classes until . . . ."

She didn't know how to finish with Matt looking at her like that. She and Jeanne hadn't been very close since Lorna had come to Westfield, and yet she had a great sympathy for anyone who needed to leave Westfield, even for a little time.

Matt considered: "I could send her away. Somewhere. Perhaps California." He planned swiftly: "You can suggest it . . . ."

"Matt!" Lorna was on her feet, protesting weakly: "I couldn't. I'd be afraid . . . ."

"Afraid!" Matt smiled. "Why should you be afraid of Jeanne? Or anyone for that matter? I had a feeling that you were getting over some of your shyness, your ridiculous fears."

Lorna was flushed, miserable as she sat down. "I guess I'll never be cured, Matt," she said thinly.

He came over and kissed her. "Of course you will, darling," he said reassuringly. Then he straightened up and confessed: "It's really nothing to be afraid, Lorna. Why, plenty of times I'm scared, too. That's one of the penalties—if there are penalties—of being a doctor. No man can study the chart of an eight-year-old pneumonia victim without wondering if the miracle drug, penicillin, can reduce temperature to normal within twenty-four hours. I can't think of Mar-

garet without feeling an impotent rage that I cannot cure her. I can't think of Jeanne without imagining the worst. Brain tumor . . . ." He broke off, saying gravely: "I'll send her to a hospital for X-rays. If only we had our hospital. . . ."

He stopped, as though the things that were pressing down upon him were more than he could bear. Lorna watched him pacing the room, and told herself, once more, and this time with an assurance she had never felt before, that she must talk Matt into leaving Westfield, the minute his uncle was ready to take over his patients again. Matt's own patients, at Doctors' Center, would have all the modern facilities, and he wouldn't have to worry so much.

She was almost glad to hear the telephone ringing so that Matt could stop pacing and answer it. She didn't mind the telephone so much when it rang at lunch time. Besides, Matt had really been able to enjoy his sandwich and cold milk. She smiled as he picked up the phone.

"Answer it, Dr. Matthew Wire! It's probably someone who knows we're alone together, having a cozy little chat, and . . . ."

Her voice drained slowly away as she watched Matt's features change. She knew the voice on the other end was terribly urgent by the way he answered.

As he put the phone down, he spoke crisply, "An accident, Lorna. A two-car crash. Several people hurt. They want Uncle John, Hallie, and me." He went to get his bag, adding: "Lorna, look after the office. Please telephone the afternoon patients, and tell them we won't be here, to come in the morning, beginning at eight, if necessary."

He left the house quickly, after speaking on the intercommunication phone to Uncle John and Hallie. Lorna stood at the door, pale and shaken by the message, as the car rolled out of the driveway and up the street.

A few minutes later, she was almost glad to see Carole running across the street, her small puppy, Chews, barking lustily at her heels.

When Carole came in, Lorna was surprised to find that she was rather pale and frightened looking, and that she was crying a little wildly.

She hurried to ask about Chews, fearing that something had happened to the puppy. But Carole shook her braids, and through her sobbing, explained that it wasn't the little dog.

"It's not Chews! It's *me!*" She sobbed again, and held up her hand. It was crudely wrapped in a handkerchief—a not-too-clean handkerchief—and there was blood mixed with the dirt on the cloth. Carole cried shrilly: "I'm hurt! It's bleeding. It pains me. I don't know what to do. My Mama's gone to the grocery store, and Chews and I are all alone!"

Lorna was too shocked and worried to speak. She could scarcely manage her breath. She looked wildly across the street for Mrs. Wilson. For anyone. Carole's wails were loud and frightening. "Dr. Matt and Hallie are gone, and there's nobody to wrap it up."

LORNA stared in horror at the blood-soaked handkerchief which Carole had used to wrap up the cut. The sight of the blood made her physically ill. She felt faint, nauseated, and caught at the back of a chair to steady herself.

"Maybe Anne would know what to do," she muttered confusedly. "Or Jeanne . . . ."

"I fell and broke a bottle," sobbed Carole, and Lorna wanted to sob, too.

But she knew that no matter how hard it was going to be to attend the cut, she had a responsibility. She remembered what Matt had told her once about a doctor, or nurse, having a great need for a poker face. She must pretend to be calm and professional in the face of Carole's fear.

"We'll go into the office," she said more loudly than she expected. "We'll find something to stop the bleeding. When Dr. Matt comes back, he can fix it properly. First," she said, opening Matt's office door, "I suppose we should wash off all the dirt . . . ."

The warm water made Carole flinch, so she used cold. All the time she was examining the cut—which was long and deep—she felt like fainting and only kept herself from doing so by taking a big drink of cold water. She gave one to Carole, too.

"Now for some salve . . . ." she said unsteadily, and her knees felt wobbly as she went towards Hallie's refrigerator.

Searching among the jars and bottles, carefully labeled in Hallie's precise handwriting, Lorna tried to recall what Matt had said about penicillin. Well, if it could cure pneumonia, it could surely cure cuts! There was a big tube. She squeezed a more than generous amount on a piece of gauze and managed a not too unprofessional bandage on Carol's hand.

Then she made Carole lie down, for the child still looked pale and frightened.

"I'll see if I can find something for you to play with," she said as she disappeared into the corridors.

Oh, if she had only not given away the very last of her little scrapbooks. The magazines were all cut up because she and Matt had already read them. Her eyes searched wildly all about the apartment. They fell on the little china kittens. Very reluctantly, she picked them up.

Carole was sitting up, looking out of the window when she came back. Carole didn't seem to see the kittens, she was crying again, and she hurried outside, calling, relievedly, over her shoulder: "Mummy's home, Lorna. I want my Mummy . . . ." and her crying left a little thread of sound as she rushed to tell her mother about the cut.

Unsteadily, Lorna set the little kittens on one of the enameled tables, and knew that she must either lie down, or fall down. She was really going to faint. She managed the couch, just before the dark pit of unconsciousness closed about her.

SHE didn't know how long she was out, but after a while she opened her eyes and found her head aching fiercely so that she remained just where she was, knowing that her fit of nausea had not passed completely.

When the others came home, they found her lying there, listless, pale.

Matt was alarmed, seeing the upset office. His voice came in a hoarse little rush. "Oh, Lorna, Lorna, darling, what is it!"

Lorna was dimly conscious that she had left the bloody water in the basin, the penicillin uncapped, the gauze carelessly unwound. She tried to reassure the circle of worried faces that leaned over her.

"It was Carole, Matt. She cut her finger." She sat up, pushing her dizziness away with an unsteady hand at her temple. "I had to wash it and wrap it up. I . . . oh, Matt, I told you I'd faint at the sight of blood!"

She was so ashamed that she cried. Matt sat down beside her and stroked her gleaming curls.

"There, there, darling. As long as Carole's all right, you musn't worry."

She dried her eyes on his big, white handkerchief, knowing she was disgracing herself by acting such a baby. She saw Hallie capably swishing the water out of the dirty basin, methodically squeezing out a dab of penicillin before she put back the cap. The unused portion of the unwound gauze she tossed into the wastebasket with a little frown.

From under a clouded layer of memory, Lorna remembered that Matt had said that penicillin should always be refrigerated, that gauze must always be kept sterile.

Hallie's rubber heels moved quietly, yet purposefully about the laboratory repairing the damage Lorna had done. There was a chill antagonism about her that made Lorna wince.

Now, she thought, disturbed, she dislikes me more than ever. Now she's more convinced than she ever was that I'm careless, thoughtless, not fit to be Matt's wife. Her thoughts stretched out, unbidden. Hallie sees right through me. She knows I'm afraid of things. Afraid to let Matt go very far away. She knows I'm jealous of his friends here in Westfield, because they've shared so much with him. Hallie knows that I'd like to keep Matt beside me all the time. She sees deep inside me, the way I saw deep into Carole's cut. She knows I'm selfish, possessive . . . .

Suddenly she put her head into the curve of Matt's arm and shoulder and wept convulsively: "Oh, Matt, let's go away from here. Away from horrible accidents. From cuts and bruises. Let's go home where things will be different. Where . . . ."

MATT'S face was unsteady as he bent it towards her. His voice, however, was firm, steady.

"Lorna, you're hysterical! You're saying a lot of things you don't really mean . . . ."

Lorna sat up, biting her lips. Uncle John walked with his cane to open the door into the waiting room. Lorna's eyes widened, her face grew flushed. The waiting room was filled with patients. Her voice was choked as Uncle John went out.

"Oh, Matt, I forgot to telephone them!"

For an instant she detected some-

thing like impatience in Matt's features. Then he patted her arm and spoke soothingly.

"You've had a pretty trying afternoon, darling. Uncle John and I will take care of them." He turned to slip into his white coat, then saw the small china kittens on the enameled table. "At least," he said proudly, looking deep into her eyes, "you didn't forget one thing! You remembered the most important thing of all. You remembered to let Carole play with your little cats!"

Lorna gathered the kittens up into her hands, preparing to take them back to the apartment. Then she saw the pride and happiness in Matt's face, and she knew there was something else important she had to do.

Much as she cringed at the thought of giving away her small cats, she knew she must. Matt wanted her to. Hallie expected it. But she knew, by the unbending sternness of Hallie's back, that she was sure Lorna wouldn't. With her head thrown, almost defiantly back, she went shakily toward the door.

"Maybe Carole's finger should have some professional attention, Matt. I'll take her the kittens, and tell her mother you will see her later."

Matt's voice rang with pride. "You've done a really magnificent job all around, today, sweetheart. Carole will be happy with the little china cats. You'll be happy without them, I'm sure, when you get used to the idea." His eyes went from graveness to twinkling laughter, and he added: "I'm sure no harm will come to Carole's finger since you doctored it with so much penicillin!"

He was laughing at her, Lorna knew as she crossed the street. Yet he really wasn't laughing at all. Her heart beat lightly as she saw Carole's mother coming towards the door.

Carole rushed through the screen before her mother could open it, and thanked Lorna with a quick hug.

"You're going to let me play with the kittens . . . ."

"You may have the kittens," said Lorna, firmly.

Carole hugged her again, and her small hands trembled as they touched the china cats. Her blue eyes sparkled with happiness.

"Every time I've seen them on your dressing table, I've wanted to play with them, Lorna. I've never asked because . . . ." Her voice drifted away, and her cheeks were pink.

Lorna's cheeks were pink, too, and she smiled at Carole's mother, over Carole's intent little head.

"She's going to be all right. Dr. Matt will look at her finger later on. He said I'd used plenty of penicillin."

Going back across the street, Lorna smiled. Matt had said "penicillin," but his eyes had said something far more healing . . . .

(*To be continued*)

Dear Conquest

Part III

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher. Charlie Kirkenson and other young men are interested in Maggie, but she seems to prefer Ira Scott, a strange, silent rancher, whom she met at the Deer Hunter's Ball. On Christmas night Maggie and Ira become engaged and plan to marry in the spring.

IRA Scott and Maggie Sullivan were married in the temple the last of May, right after school let out. They came back to Oakville for a reception which Annie and I gave for them in my house. We opened the sliding doors between the living room and dining room and put out chairs, opened up the parlor, and served in there. Then we used the upstairs bedrooms for presents. Maggie wore a white satin wedding dress her stepmother had bought her, and Ira wore a new suit. They stood alone because Maggie had had so many friends in Oakville who thought they should be the special ones to stand up with her. That was a way Maggie had, making a person feel he was extra special.

Everybody in Oakville came to the reception, and though Maggie didn't invite many from other places, some drove in and stayed at the hotel. Maggie's stepmother wouldn't stay with me, but stayed at the hotel.

Maggie and Ira moved into the ranch house. Ira was always busy this time of year, but Maggie had wanted to finish the year's teaching before her marriage, so they were married in the midst of his spring work, which included calving. The ranch was some distance from Oakville, but Annie and I managed to get out just before the wedding to work on it a little. It was built with no living room, but it had a huge kitchen. Maggie didn't seem too discouraged, but it might be another thing after she had had to live there awhile. Then there were the many ranch hands who ate in the kitchen. Maggie wanted to dispense with the cook until I made her go out and watch the ranch hands come in and eat. "It would take me all day to peel enough potatoes for that many people—buckets!" Maggie observed.

It wasn't until the middle of summer that My John and I drove out to the ranch. It looked hot and dusty even with the tiny new fruit trees rowing the house. The bunkhouses looked hot and brown, and there was no sign of life as we drove by. Maggie had her new curtains up, and screens.

The Mexican cook let us in. "Meeses Scott in bed," she said.

The pantry was off the kitchen, and she backed into it and continued scraping vegetables. The kitchen was changed a little. It had been painted in yellow and white, with some brownish stenciling, and there was a huge, round, braided rug in front of the fireplace that looked gay. The table was still monstrous for the men to eat at.

Maggie called from the bedroom. "Come in here, please, if you don't mind."

She lay in the huge walnut bed with its carved posts that had been Ira's father's. She had done more fixing up with the bedroom than the kitchen. I sat on the rocker with the tufted back by the bed while My John sat over by the window.

"I won't pretend it's a cold I've got," said Maggie. "Or something I ate . . . ."

"I hope not," I said. "It's nothing to be hidden, but something to be shouted to the skies. I guess I'd have published it somehow if I could ever have had children."

Maggie reached over and took my hand. "I feel fine by late afternoon. Ira's going to get the doctor tonight. He won't let me even ride to Oakville in the car." Maggie laughed while I took out my crocheting.

MAGGIE'S baby was born the last of April. We drove out to the ranch through the mud and damp April spring. I took my suitcase out, and My John left me for a week to do for Maggie after the baby came. Annie was there when I got there. She didn't seem to be relieved, but Maggie seemed glad to see me.

Maggie sat up in bed and held her baby in the cradle of her arm for me to see. He had black hair like Ira's.

"He's got a stubborn chin," I said, smiling.

"Oh, he's the best baby . . . ." Maggie began.

Every baby's a best baby, I thought, but I liked to hear the mother say so.

Ira showed the baby to the men each day at noon and for a brief moment each night. "This is Sullivan Ira Scott," he would say. "Have you ever seen a bigger baby for his age?"

"Never," the men would say. Then Ira would come back and put the baby in his cradle and sit by Maggie's bed and eat.

Perhaps, I thought, this is all as it was meant to be from the very beginning.

"I'm glad the showers have stopped," Maggie remarked. "It's nice to have the sun so warm again. That window there is such a joy."

Ira looked out. "Don't say that," he said. "We need the rain in the spring, a lot of it, or we have trouble in the summer."

"Yes," I agreed, "a farming community never complains about the rain unless it turns to hail." Then Ira turned to go.

"Even the men have longer to eat and talk than Ira does," Maggie complained.

Ira leaned over the baby and touched his finger, kissed Maggie, and hurried out.

"He's a hard-working man," I said, but Maggie was turning the pages of a magazine so probably didn't hear.

I went home after a week and a half. Maggie said she was sorry to see me go.

"It does seem good to have someone to talk to," Maggie said sadly as I got into My John's car.

"Don't fret," I said. "That baby will keep you so busy you won't have time to talk."

"Yes, but I like to have someone to show him off to all the time," Maggie laughed.

"Well, Ira might not be so busy later in the season."

We waved goodbye.

It rained very little more in April or May, and the farmers who lived in town and owned farms farther out would stop after church or after dark, coming in from the farm, and worry among themselves about not enough rain.

BY the middle of summer, when Ira and Maggie had the baby named in fast meeting, the drought was on. They came to Sunday dinner, but Ira kept worrying the whole time about starting home. He seemed even less talkative than I'd known him to be. Maggie tried to cheer us up by telling of little Sullivan's attempts to express himself. He was a sweet baby and seemed prettier every time we saw him.

Everyone was losing some cattle, but Ira was harder hit because he had the most cattle.

"But you have more left," I said cheerfully, but there was no answering smile from Ira.

They left soon after. Maggie kissed me on the cheek. "I'm sorry we've been such poor company."

"You've been fine," I said. "You be a comfort to Ira."

"He won't let me," said Maggie, and she turned away and jumped into the car.

The biggest rain we'd had for a few years came the first of August. The drought was over, and I wondered about Ira and Maggie. I decided the first chance I got I'd take out some blackberry jam I'd just finished putting up.

I didn't get out until the peaches were on. When Rosie, the Mexican cook, let me in, I could see Maggie's bottles of freshly put up peaches upside down filling her table. She was a real worker, there was no question about that.

"She down to the corral," pointed Rosie.

So I went out to look for Maggie. She was standing on the bottom slat of the gate watching inside. I'd heard about the expensive new Hereford bull Ira had just bought. Ira and one of the hands and a neighbor, Joe Marshall, were bringing him into the outer corral. They climbed out and came and stood near us by the gate, watching the bull.

"Now that was a real buy," said Joe Marshall. "I don't know how you manage to do it."

"He really is a good looking animal," agreed Maggie.

But Ira's face only looked cloudy as if he disliked Maggie saying that.

"I don't know," said Ira, "I guess he wasn't too much of a bargain. Maybe I should have waited to buy."

"Nonsense," said Joe.

I saw Maggie shut her lips tight. I wanted to say that that was just Ira's way again, but Maggie turned and walked up to the house with me.

"Since the drought he's been that way more than ever," said Maggie as we neared the house. "Even the baby. He won't praise anything any more, not that he ever did very much. But sometimes he did say some rather kindly things to me. See how he acted about that bull!" There was a sudden flash in Mag-

gie's eyes, and then she changed the subject.

IT wasn't three days after that that the news was all over Oakville. Maggie had sold Ira's new Hereford bull to Joe Marshall for the same price he'd paid for it. Jake Turner had been washing up at the pump in Ira's back yard when he'd heard Ira ask Maggie where in the world the bull could have gone.

"Why, Ira," Maggie exclaimed, "I've done the best thing for you. I persuaded Joe Marshall to take it off your hands at the same price you paid for it."

"You *what?*" Jake had stopped washing with a start at Ira's voice.

"Why, yes," Maggie had gone on, "you said yourself if you'd only waited you could have got a better buy later. Well, now you can have that chance."

That was all Jake heard. The men were coming up for dinner.

Joe Marshall took the Hereford bull back to Ira when he found out Ira hadn't favored the sale.

"No," said Ira firmly, "you keep the bull. You bought it fair. Maggie represents us both as I do."

Joe felt mighty uneasy about the black look of Ira, but finally he had to take it home again. Ira considered the deal closed.

I went out to see Maggie. After the bedroom door was safely shut, she stood at the window, dry-eyed and unhappy.

"I thought I had a point that Ira might see," said Maggie. "But all I've done is to make everything worse. Do you know what Ira said? All he's said?"

"No," I shook my head dryly, "but I can imagine."

"No, you can't," said Maggie. "He asked me in a tone so bitter you can't imagine, 'Why do you want to make a fool of me and of you?'" She dropped her head on her hand. "He wouldn't let me try to explain. I know now it was silly and stupid, but I thought a lot of talk would come out of it all. Instead Ira's even more silent than ever. He won't discuss it or let me." She straightened her shoulders. "Well, I'll keep trying in my blundering way anyway."

The baby began to stir so I picked him up and patted him. "He's a sweet one to hold," I said. "My isn't he getting to be a big one?"

"He is," said Maggie proudly.

I didn't see Maggie and Ira again until just before Thanksgiving. I wrote them asking them to come to Thanksgiving dinner with My John and me. Maggie answered that they would. It would probably be the last time they'd get in and back before the real snows began. I invited Grandma Friebach in to eat with us, too. She took turns with her numerous invitations so that My John and I felt real pleased that she could come to us this year. My John went out early and brought her back in his sleigh. When I tried to tuck her up in a rocker by the fire, she'd have none of that.

"I'll help," she said, and she did. She settled herself on a stool in my kitchen and proceeded to do wonders with my sweet potatoes. My John tried to get her to come in the living room and talk to him. "I'll

come when Maggie and Ira get here," she decided.

IT was almost eleven when Ira and Maggie and the baby arrived. Grandma Friebach and I both helped Maggie unwind Sullivan. He gave a few gleeful waves of his feet and arms and then turned over and began to drowse. Grandma rocked him by the fire. Ira stood by the window talking worriedly to John about snowstorms. There were flurries in the air, and the sky was dark enough so we had our lamps on.

"I never realized how important *weather whethers* can be," said Maggie, laughing lightly, "whether it snows or doesn't, whether it looks dark or doesn't, whether the wind blows or doesn't . . . ."

Ira looked at her silently while she ran upstairs with sleeping Sullivan.

"Well," announced Grandma Friebach to Maggie when she came down, "I think we're all ready to sit down at last."

My John blessed the food and then began carving the turkey. The wind and the snow had begun in earnest. There was a sudden wild blast of wind that rattled the windows, accompanied by a pounding at the front door. My John and Ira and I rose simultaneously. My John let Ira's man, Jake, in. He stood scattering snow in our front hall, wiping at his face and panting a story in Ira's direction.

"What about old Dominic?" Ira blocked the doorway into the hall, but we could still hear Jake.

"The little mare must have fallen on the ice crossing Muddy River. I don't know, Ira, what all old Dominic's got broken, his collarbone and arm. He's not in his right senses at all. I can't find Doctor Rich at home; he's clear at the other end of town. I don't even know if we can get back to the ranch to Dominic with the doctor with this here storm. I had a terrible time getting through the last part of the way . . . ."

Ira was pulling on his coat, jerking at his boots. "We'll get the doctor and get out there all right," Ira grunted as he did up his boot straps. "I'm right sorry, John," Ira said, hurrying.

"That's all right." My John handed him his coat.

"Ira," Maggie said, her voice high and unsteady. She began to pull down her coat.

"You'll have to stay here," Ira said, his hands rushing at the buttons on his coat. "We'll never make it with you and the baby and the doctor in this storm. I'll be back as soon as I can. I've got to take care of old Dominic . . . ."

"You might not be able to get back . . . ." Maggie's voice trembled, but Ira never answered, just gave her a quick kiss and he and Jake swung the door shut behind them, and there was the jangle of the sleigh harness.

We sat back down at the table, but the room seemed too silent. Maggie's chin wobbled a little as she looked down at her plate.

"Ira's not asking much, Maggie," Grandma Friebach said briskly, "just that you stay here for a few days or a week or so depending on the weather, so he can help a hurt man that worked good for his fa-

(*Continued on page 357*)

Magazine Subscriptions for 1951

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE faithfulness and devotion of Relief Society officers, *Magazine* representatives, and *Relief Society Magazine* subscribers were clearly demonstrated in the great increase in the number of subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* in 1951. The number rose from 92,598 as of December 31, 1950, to 104,210 as of December 31, 1951, or an increase of 11,612.

Increased costs of paper, printing, and handling the *Magazine* gave grave concern to the general board at the close of 1951 regarding the maintenance of the subscription price at $1.50. While the future in costs remains uncertain, it would seem that with such an increasing number of subscriptions, the subscription price can be maintained at the present rate of $1.50, unless unforeseen increases occur.

The worth of the *Magazine* to Relief Society is beyond calculation. It allows a presentation to its members all over the world of all matters vital to Relief Society. Through its record of activities of Relief Societies in the stakes and missions, it binds the sisters closer together in a unity of understanding and love. It contains the lesson work and obviates the need of the sisters buying lesson booklets. It carries reports of the annual general Relief Society conferences to the tens of thousands of sisters who are not privileged to attend the conferences in person. It contains articles by inspired writers of the Church. Besides offering an opportunity to Latter-day Saint women authors to have their literary work published, it provides worthwhile reading in harmony with gospel principles. The heritage of the writings of the women of Mormondom from the days of Lula Greene Richards, first editor of *The Woman's Exponent*, to the days of Susa Young Gates, first editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and up to the present, becomes increasingly precious. The sisters of the Church are grateful for the blessing of a *Magazine* to further the work of Relief Society, and show it, year by year, by the added number of sisters who support the *Magazine*.

In 1950 there were 120 stakes and 9 missions on the Honor Roll. In 1951 there are 151 stakes and 13 missions on the Honor Roll.

It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that the general board expresses its thanks to every sister who has helped to achieve the magnificent increase of subscriptions in 1951.

The *Magazine* representatives are to be congratulated on the great service they are rendering Relief Society by their tireless efforts in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of the sisters of the Church.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 184%
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 262%
Magazine Representative—Evelyn Ferrera

Mission

Texas-Louisiana, 99%
Mission Relief Society President—Leone R. Bowring

Mission District

West Texas District, Texas-Louisiana Mission, 158%
District Magazine Representative—La Prial D. White

Mission Branch

Franklin Branch, 318%
West Virginia North District, East Central States Mission
Magazine Representative—Alice B. Hartman

Stakes Achieving Highest Percentages

South Los Angeles (California)	184	Nancy M. Rupp
Nyssa (Oregon)	136	Mae E. Boyer
San Joaquin (California)	134	Wealtha Mendenhall
Provo (Utah)	134	Flora Buggert
Oquirrh (Utah)	128	Beatrice W. Dimond
Glendale (California)	125	Elsie Weber
Humboldt (Nevada)	125	Charlotte S. Ferguson
East Los Angeles (California)	120	Zelma Beck
Inglewood (California)	119	Maurine B. Campbell

Missions Achieving Highest Percentages

Texas-Louisiana	99	Leone R. Bowring, President
Western States	98	Mildred M. Dillman, President
California	89	La Priel S. Bunker, President
Northern States	89	Lucy T. Anderson, President
Central States	84	Annie M. Ellsworth, President
Northwestern States	81	Mavil A. McMurrin, President
Southern States	81	Rula W. Choules, President
Great Lakes	78	Ella C. Burton, President
West Central States	78	Reta F. Broadbent, President

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above

South Los Angeles	Nancy M. Rupp
Nyssa	Mae A. Boyer
San Joaquin	Wealtha Mendenhall
Oquirrh	Beatrice W. Dimond
Glendale	Elsie Weber
Humboldt	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Pasadena	Blanche Calvert
Idaho Falls	Ila Stoddard
Shelley	Merle Young
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan
Sharon	Edna M. Hansen
Sevier	Beth V. Anderson
Granite	Elizabeth W. McLelland
Pocatello	R. M. Drake
Sugar House	Alta Whitehead
South Box Elder	Edith E. Baddley
South Idaho Falls	Valeria Blatter
West Utah	Cleo L. Thatcher

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	184	Granite	107
Nyssa	136	South Box Elder	106
San Joaquin	134	South Idaho Falls	106
Provo	134	Liberty	106
Oquirrh	128	Taylor	105
Glendale	125	Minidoka	104
Humboldt	125	Union	104
East Los Angeles	120	Grant	103
Inglewood	119	South Salt Lake	103
San Fernando	118	North Jordan	103
Long Beach	118	Wasatch	102
Idaho Falls	117	Ogden	102
Cassia	116	Rigby	101
Pasadena	116	West Utah	101
Shelley	116	San Francisco	101
East Long Beach	115	San Juan	101
Sacramento	115	Portneuf	100
Rexburg	114	Bannock	100
Moapa	113	East Provo	99
Santa Monica	112	Blackfoot	99
Phoenix	112	American Falls	98
North Idaho Falls	112	Twin Falls	98
Nampa	111	Kolob	98
Pocatello	111	Uvada	98
San Bernardino	111	Boise	98
Sharon	110	Bonneville	98
Wilford	109	St. Joseph	97
Los Angeles	108	Palo Alto	96
Sevier	108	Ensign	96
Burley	107	Gridley	96
Sugar House	107	West Pocatello	96

South Ogden	96	Young	81
East Jordan	95	North Davis	81
Orem	95	Wells	81
Bear River	95	San Luis	80
Weiser	95	Raft River	80
Big Horn	94	Salt Lake	79
Denver	94	Snowflake	79
Monument Park	94	Lethbridge	78
Mt. Graham	94	Idaho	78
Seattle	94	Yellowstone	78
Parowan	94	Franklin	78
Pioneer	94	Lehi	78
University	94	Roosevelt	77
Bakersfield	94	Spokane	77
Florida	94	Reno	77
Southern Arizona	94	Washington	76
East Rigby	93	Beaver	76
North Box Elder	92	Kanab	76
Ben Lomond	92	Cedar	76
North Rexburg	92	Maricopa	76
Highland	92	South Davis	75
Malad	92	Lyman	75
Uintah	92	Mount Jordan	75
Emigration	91	South Summit	75
Tooele	91	Temple View	75
Utah	91	Star Valley	75
Park	91	Hillside	74
West Jordan	91	Juarez	74
New York	91	South Carolina	74
Timpanogos	90	Mount Logan	74
Millcreek	90	Portland	73
Cache	89	Nevada	73
Santa Barbara	88	Berkeley	72
Bear Lake	88	South Sevier	72
North Weber	88	Riverside	72
Murray	88	Wayne	72
Santa Rosa	88	Richland	72
Cottonwood	87	Benson	71
Oneida	87	Millard	71
Mount Ogden	87	Smithfield	71
St. Johns	87	North Carbon	70
East Riverside	87	Montpelier	70
South Bear River	87	Nebo	70
Alberta	86	Hyrum	70
Deseret	86	North Sanpete	70
Teton	86	Lost River	68
East Cache	86	Garfield	67
Duchesne	85	Summit	67
Mesa	85	South Sanpete	67
San Diego	85	Emery	65
Carbon	84	Grantsville	64
Farr West	84	Logan	63
Blaine	84	Moon Lake	62
Weber	84	Panguitch	62
Lake View	83	East Millcreek	62
Oakland	83	Juab	61
Alpine	83	Santaquin-Tintic	61
St. George	83	Woodruff	61
Davis	83	North Sevier	59
Palmyra	82	Gunnison	58
Zion Park	82	Moroni	54
Chicago	82	Morgan	54
Fresno	81	Oahu	27

HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake	**637**	**551**	**86**	**Rhoda Sloan**
Aetna	19	19	100	Iris Jensen
Cardston First	59	61	103	Anna Olsen
Cardston Second	73	60	82	Celia Willmott
Cardston Fourth	68	68	100	Minnie Gallup
Glenwood	61	46	75	Eliza Beavers
Hartley	21	17	81	Annie B. Orr
Hill Spring	68	63	93	Viola Wynder
Leavitt	45	34	76	Pearl Redford
Mountain View	64	65	102	Jane Payne
Taylorsville	17	17	100	Rowyne Woolsey
De Bonita Branch	9	7	78	Grace West
Jefferson Branch	16	16	100	Agnes Sherman
Alpine Stake	**752**	**623**	**83**	**Sadie Meredith**
American Fork First	75	67	89	Edith B. Jones
American Fork Second	79	60	76	Alwene Ritchie
American Fork Third	84	63	75	Rhoda Parker
American Fork Fourth	58	64	110	Ann C. Hansen
American Fork Sixth	70	64	91	Sylvia Walker
American Fork Seventh	85	94	111	Marie Reimschussel
American Fork Eighth	80	65	81	Leona W. Larson
American Falls Stake	**328**	**323**	**98**	**Harriet Peterson**
Aberdeen First	65	56	86	Ida M. Hurd
Aberdeen Second	78	73	94	Harriet Peterson
American Falls	46	48	104	Clara Wagstaff
Rockland	77	81	105	Lela Hartley
Springfield	30	30	100	Marie B. Thurston
Sterling	32	35	109	Annie R. Nelson
Bakersfield Stake	**279**	**261**	**94**	**Anna E. Gage**
Bakersfield First	79	85	108	Alfrita B. Moyes
Bakersfield Second	44	36	82	Erma Tribolet
Bakersfield Third	24	31	129	Ida Mack
Beaver Stake	**508**	**388**	**76**	**Zelma S. Muir**
Beaver First	78	74	95	Martha Beaumont
Beaver Third	93	79	85	Kate Bowman
Milford First	64	62	97	Frances Kinross
Milford Second	62	51	82	Mildred Wilcock
Ben Lomond Stake	**710**	**656**	**92**	**Maude P. Close**
Lorin Farr	98	135	138	Evelyn Poulter
North Ogden First	83	102	123	Edith V. Judkins
North Ogden Second	70	59	84	Louise B. Ellis
Ogden Seventh	83	73	88	Lenora Poorte
Ogden Twenty-first	88	82	93	Doris C. Richards
Ogden Twenty-ninth	65	65	100	Edith Andersen
Benson Stake				
Cornish	52	39	75	Sarah Leavitt
Lewiston Third	62	49	79	Anna W. Mills
Richmond	109	84	77	Margaret Johnson
Richmond South	106	84	79	Margaret Anderson
Trenton	73	58	79	Martha Cottle
Berkeley Stake				
Berkeley First	64	55	86	Mae Waldram
Berkeley Second	72	60	83	Adele Duncan
East Richmond	36	34	94	Lula Turner
Richmond	46	48	104	Mary Bledsoe
Walnut Creek	49	44	90	Dorothy E. Mathews
Big Horn Stake	**817**	**772**	**94**	**Elna S. Johnson**
Basin	42	60	143	Ona Scott
Burlington	59	49	83	Della Allen
Byron	64	65	102	Margaret Winzenried
Cody	39	36	92	Mrs. Lewis Barling
Cowley	119	119	100	Della Mathews

Delano	10	12	120	Juanita B. Brooks
Lancaster	16	25	156	Barbara S. Jones
Porterville	24	24	100	Cecilia Heindel
Taft	36	28	78	Juanita Davis
Bannock Stake	**361**	**360**	**100**	**Ida Sorenson**
Bench	24	25	104	Rosezella Hanson
Central	25	24	96	Libbie Maughan
Cleveland	24	21	88	Vera S. Nielson
Grace First	63	73	116	La Dean Hendricks
Grace Second	83	72	87	Ada Williams
Lago	37	39	105	Norma Mickelson
Mound Valley	29	27	93	Mrs. Clyde Condie
Thatcher	49	52	106	Naomi Robbins
Williams	27	27	100	Hazel Dalton
Bear Lake Stake	**523**	**461**	**88**	**Millie Sprouse**
Bloomington	60	46	77	Bertha C. Thornock
Fish Haven	25	26	104	Ethel Perkins
Garden City	50	41	82	Margaret Hodges
Lake Town	43	47	109	Montry M. Kearl
Lanark	31	26	84	La Reva Findlay
Liberty	33	27	82	Laura Poulsen
Ovid	41	41	100	Hazel L. Peterson
Paris First	64	61	95	Rosa Grandy
Paris Second	85	64	75	Beulah H. Bird
St. Charles	74	65	88	Vidella Booth
Sharon	17	17	100	Hazel Long
Bear River Stake	**505**	**478**	**95**	**Rennis A. Larkin**
Beaver	43	36	84	Hilda Johnson
East Garland	28	28	100	Naoma G. Oyler
Fielding	73	57	78	Voylet Grover
Garland First	65	65	100	Ida Hartman
Garland Second	81	84	104	Rhoda Christopherson
Park Valley	37	33	89	Edna Palmer
Plymouth	44	33	75	Eathel Estep
Snowville	36	60	167	Cora Daley
Stone	24	33	138	Lela Pratt
Lovell	176	138	78	Mable Cox
Lovell West	144	114	79	Gladys Wilkerson
Otto	29	29	100	Marie Heath
Penrose	8	8	100	Tilda Wasden
Powell	54	51	94	Gwen Miller
Worland	31	44	142	Daisy Nissen
Belfry Branch	8	14	175	Mary Youst
Iona Branch	16	18	113	Maggie Beal
Meeteetse Branch	17	20	118	Alma Bennion
Blackfoot Stake	**940**	**929**	**99**	**Almira L. Clayton**
Blackfoot First	103	107	104	Tressa Higginson
Blackfoot Second	113	111	98	Floretta McCurdy
Blackfoot Third	50	63	126	Verda S. Clark
Blackfoot Fourth	125	136	109	Margaret Lamprecht
Blackfoot Fifth	50	52	104	Rose James
Groveland	74	69	93	Sarah J. Chapman
Moreland	85	95	112	Gladys W. Belnap
Riverside	66	66	100	Mrs. Von Hansen
Riverton	28	29	104	Cassie Brown
Rose	44	36	82	Donna Bischoff
Thomas	112	91	81	Uarda Merrill
Wapello	54	48	89	Bernadine Petersen
Blaine Stake	**695**	**586**	**84**	**Reta E. Orchard**
Fairfield	37	33	89	Blanche V. Naser
Gooding	84	85	101	Myrtle Nielson
Jerome First	75	86	115	Mary Coates
Jerome Second	99	107	108	Bessie Mae Hutchison
Richfield	47	38	81	Charlotte Reed
Dietrich Branch	15	12	80	Mary Cleveland
Shoshone Branch	18	18	100	Dellina Baumann
Boise Stake	**625**	**611**	**98**	**L. Emma Cordon**
Boise First	92	103	112	Rinda Sudweeks
Boise Second	61	65	107	Julina Hardy
Boise Third	100	104	104	Lorraine Hatch
Boise Fourth	83	85	102	Leah Mihu
Boise Sixth	60	48	80	Myrtle Overgard

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Glenns Ferry	30	39	130	Leola Thurman
Meridian	93	75	81	Mae Fewkes
Eagle Branch	20	26	130	Norma Marshall
Mountain Home Branch	14	16	114	Estella M. Hall
Bonneville Stake	**739**	**721**	**98**	**Rhoda B. Carter**
Bonneville	108	102½	95	Hannah Allen
Douglas	114	98	86	Mertie H. Richards
Garden Park	106	115	108	Eunice Thomas
Thirty-third	132	135	102	Melba Johnson
Yale	173	133	77	Ila C. Norton
Yalecrest	106	138	130	Rhoda Carter
Burley Stake	**613**	**655**	**107**	**Leona Budge**
Burley First	44	50	114	Norma Curtis
Burley Second	64	67	105	Ella B. Boatman
Burley Fourth	70	76	109	Louise Stoker
Burley Fifth	48	81	169	Zelma Whittle
Declo	88	96	109	Hattie Richins
Pella	33	44	133	Jane Walker
Springdale	49	50	102	Gladys Johnson
Star	29	35	121	Hannah Bowers
Unity	63	64	102	Ellen Poulton
View	55	45	82	Thelma Taylor
Cache Stake	**591**	**527**	**89**	**Orilla J. Lucas**
Logan Third	86	83	97	Louise R. Rich
Logan Fourth	112	100½	90	Jessie Bouwhuis
Logan Ninth	108	109	101	Mabel L. Michaelsen
Logan Fifteenth	81	68	84	Maye H. Thomas
Logan Sixteenth	106	89	84	Vellys B. Jensen
Logan Seventeenth	98	86	88	Jeanette Bergener
Carbon Stake	**611**	**516**	**84**	**Gertrude Edwards**
Dragerton	58	63	109	Vada Anderson
Price First	76	82	108	Martha J. Smith
Price Third	94	88	94	Louise Mabbutt
Farmington Second	47	52	111	Katie Cunningham
Kaysville First	81	71	88	Serena Warner
Kaysville Third	89	70	79	Effie Miller
Denver Stake	**468**	**441**	**94**	**Bernice H. Brown**
Barnum	50	39	78	Helen Bohn
Cheyenne	52	46	88	Edith W. Scott
Crestmoor	49	53	108	Marian B. Lindsay
Denver First	66	74	112	Bernice H. Brown
Denver Second	50	41	82	Drusilla B. Ferree
Englewood	52	57	110	Idell M. Quinn
Fort Collins	33	25	76	Bessie C. Peterson
Laramie	42	53	126	Rose Eads
Boulder Branch	19	15	79	Betty Saxton
Deseret Stake	**711**	**614**	**86**	**Alpha Nielson**
Delta First	86	70	81	Dona Sorenson
Delta Second	78	63	81	Nellie Sorenson
Delta Third	96	81	84	Ione Dalley
Deseret	65	54	83	Inga Black
Hinckley	99	74	75	Rose B. Dutson
Leamington	37	30	81	Essie Anderson
Lynndyl	33	40	121	Alpha Nielson
Oak City	76	63	83	Adele Anderson
Oasis	36	30	83	Erma Skeem
Sugarville	25	30	120	Norma A. Poulsen
Sutherland	62	57	92	Lena Steele
Abraham Branch	10	11	110	Eleanor Murry
Callao Branch	8	11	138	Inez Tripp
Duchesne Stake	**251**	**214½**	**85**	**Ora Holgate**
Arcadia	32	29	91	Ida Dean Horrocks
Bridgeland	36	31	86	Letta Meyer
Duchesne	92	80	87	Luella Powell
Hanna	17	21	124	Pearl Turnbow
Tabiona	42	36½	87	Minnie Hamilton

Wellington First	40	47	118	Myrtle Cook
Wellington Second	44	47	107	Esther Tidwell
Cassia Stake	197	229	116	Jane R. Hale
Basin	22	33	150	Marion Gorringe
Marion	27	27	100	Sarah Adams
Oakley First	43	63	147	Ada L. Hale
Oakley Second	47	57	121	Jane R. Hale
Oakley Third	29	30	103	Irene B. Sutton
Cedar Stake	626	476	76	**Isadore Barton**
Cedar First	86	66	77	Alice Knight
Cedar Second	63	55	87	Ila L. Bauer
Cedar Fourth	72	72	100	Alba Hansen
Cedar Fifth	71	57	80	Alice Matheson
College	83	64	77	Florence Higbee
Newcastle	21	22	105	Belle Hulet
New Harmony	30	26	87	Esta S. Taylor
Chicago Stake	380	311	82	**Avera C. Homer**
Milwaukee	60	64	107	Vivienne Hart
North Shore	46	50	109	Clara Force
Aurora Branch	13	13	100	Elinor Wollcott
Batavia Branch	6	6	100	Bertha Hayes
Milwaukee South Br.	13	24	185	Hulda Moeller
Racine Branch	19	21	111	Martha Hubert
South Shore Branch	19	17	89	Amy Landeck
West Suburban Branch	37	34	92	Helen J. Elkine
Cottonwood Stake	626	546	87	**Evelyn P. Shelton**
Big Cottonwood	60	54	90	Dorothy Holmgren
Holladay First	103	81	79	Gladys Hansen
Holladay Second	51	52	102	Ellen Bonham
Holladay Third	119	102	86	Lillian Lamborn
Holladay Fourth	93	103	111	Virginia Pederson
South Cottonwood	93	94	101	Elsa A. Fors
Davis Stake	568	469	83	**Edna Trimble**
Centerville First	117	118	101	La Vern Darley
Centerville Second	48	41	85	La Von Duncan
East Cache Stake	608	520	86	**Anna N. Stettler**
Benson	88	66	75	Cleo J. Ricks
College Hill	85	85	100	Helen R. Allen
Hyde Park	93	77	83	Gladis Hancey
Logan Fifth	70	75	107	Abby G. Jenson
Logan Tenth	68	52	76	Della P. Davis
Logan Eighteenth	80	64	80	Margaret H. Swenson
Logan Nineteenth	55	44	80	Jane M. Niederhauser
North Logan	69	57	83	Elna King
East Jordan Stake	626	597	95	**Vida W. Fowles**
Butler	74	57	77	Roberta Antczak
East Midvale First	77	80	104	Geneva Jacobsen
East Midvale Second	58	60	103	Ida J. Leafquist
Gardenview	93	100	108	Hazel Anderson
Midvale First	60	47	78	Leda Despain
Midvale Second	96	99	103	Mary E. Jenkins
Union Second	73	93	127	Marie Griffiths
East Long Beach Stake	520	600	115	**Margaret Bryan**
Bellflower	88	122	139	Susie Elsmore
Fullerton	73	77	105	Elsie L. Phillips
Lakewood	48	50	104	Yvonne Eynon
Long Beach Third	61	65	107	Helen McCombs
Long Beach Fifth	90	101	112	Manila Worsnop
Norwalk	41	47	115	Loraine S. Johnson
Santa Ana	63	65	103	Fannie Y. Lundquist
Garden Grove Branch	30	46	153	Elvira Bollschweiler
Huntington Beach Br.	26	27	104	Murl Fullmer
East Los Angeles Stake	567	678	120	**Zelma Beck**
Alhambra	82	101	123	Martha J. Dreiser
Belvedere	85	98	115	Alberta Milligan
Eastmont	76	80	105	Florence Williamson
Mission Park	73	73	100	Mildred Hatch
Montebello First	46	54	117	Grace P. Mauss
Montebello Second	33	38	115	Helen McEwen
Rosemead	48	59	123	Gwen G. Boyd
Whittier First	48	73	152	Amy C. Hyndman
Whittier Second	37	74	200	June C. Hayward

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
East Mill Creek Stake				
Highland View	73	55	75	Gloria Taylor
East Provo Stake	**396**	**394**	**99**	**Sarah H. Passey**
Provo Eighth	62	50	81	LaRelle Elliott
Provo Ninth	44	65	148	Theresia H. Muhlestein
Provo Twelfth	45	43	96	Ardel W. Andreasen
Provo Thirteenth	45	56	124	Ruby W. Hawkins
Provo Fifteenth	59	61	103	Lou Cox
Wymount Branch	68	67	99	Frankie Fitts
East Rigby Stake	**538**	**500**	**93**	**Dale Burtenshaw**
Clark	46	38	83	Velma Morgan
Garfield	33	40	121	Anna S. Christensen
Lorenzo	25	26	104	Wilda Pabst
Milo	62	57	92	Minnie T. Lee
Palisade	35	36	103	Margaret Cole
Rigby Second	55	49	89	Dortha Radford
Ririe First	61	72	118	Adelia Clark
Ririe Second	67	85	127	Alice Adamson
Shelton	51	39	76	Dale Burtenshaw
East Riverside Stake	**465**	**403**	**87**	**Erma L. Haslam**
Fifteenth	126	117	93	Clarissa C. Winsness
Sixteenth	81	63	78	Susan R. Earnshaw
Twenty-eighth	126	133	106	Eleanor Smith
Emery Stake				
Castledale	98	88	90	Ida W. Snow, Pres.
Emery	103	89	86	Alene Anderson
Ferron	113	94	83	Deborah Huntsman
Emigration Stake	**406**	**371**	**91**	**Polly R. Griffin**
Twenty-first	83	84	101	Sallie S. Keate
North Twenty-first	77	66	86	La Ver O. Nunley
Fresno Stake	**317**	**257**	**81**	**Laurine A. Ensign**
Fresno First	53	50	94	Mary L. Petty
Fresno Second	68	55	81	Marinda F. Berg
Merced	34	36	106	Villa Stewart
Coalinga Branch	12	12	100	May P. Folsom
Dinuba Branch	12	10	83	Faye Westfall
Exeter Branch	15	15	100	Carrie Whitney
Hanford Branch	15	16	107	Juanita Henson
Los Banos Branch	6	6	100	Eunice Swearingen
Garfield Stake				
Boulder	34	27	79	Nina T. Moosman
Circleville	75	64½	86	Rose Beebe
Kingston	21	21	100	Gail Coats
Glendale Stake	**655**	**820**	**125**	**Elsie Weber**
Elysian Park	83	87	105	Frances Kelland
Garvanza	69	102	148	Elizabeth Burnett
Glendale East	116	127	109	Ruth Burt
Glendale West	112	146	130	Viola D. McIntire
Highland Park	71	102	144	Henrietta Atkinson
La Crescenta	85	101	119	Emma Jane Clark
Sunland	18	24	133	Alta England
Sunset	101	131	130	Mae Davis
Granite Stake	**677**	**723**	**107**	**Elizabeth W. McLelland**
Columbus	76	102	134	Toni Landvatter
Fairmont	96	96	100	Clara Love
Forest Dale	144	147	102	Sentella Pace
Lincoln	138	142	103	Catherine Wiseman
Nibley Park	127	127	100	Emma Armstrong
Wells	96	109	114	Mazie Roberts
Grant Stake	**568**	**587**	**103**	**Clara W. Stout**
Hillcrest	72	78	108	Belvereen Palmer
Lorraine	47	65	138	Margaret Jones

Twenty-seventh	88	79	90	Florence E. Murphy
East Twenty-seventh	73	81	111	Viola L. Walton
Ensign Stake	**852**	**815**	**97**	**Susie C. Winward**
East Ensign	95	109	115	Jane Tibbals
West Ensign	148	153	103	Florence S. Simmons
North Eighteenth	150	159	106	Susanna F. S. Kruys
North Twentieth	112	120	107	Cleo Gayle Parratt
South Twentieth	132	129	98	Hazel Hegrum
Farr West Stake	**528**	**446**	**84**	**Berta R. England**
Farr West	71	60	85	Sarah Baker
Lomond View	54	49	91	Ethel M. McEntire
Marriott	43	47	109	Charlotte S. Blair
Mound Fort	77	82	106	Phyllis Hufstetler
Ogden Fifteenth	71	61	86	Emma L. B. Allen
Plain City	107	83	78	Alminda L. Johnson
Slaterville	36	40	111	Amelia E. Holly
Florida Stake	**402**	**376**	**94**	**Maude G. Hawkins**
Axson	33	36	109	Margaret Mizell
Lake City	28	28	100	Ora Lee Milton
Palatka	39	30	77	Hilda Anderson
Springfield	71	71	100	Grace C. Roden
Waycross	27	26	96	Arzella Jordon
Wesconnett	26	30	115	Elizabeth Jammes
Gainesville Branch	14	20	143	Doris D. McCall
Oak Grove Branch	8	17	213	Iva Willams
Sanderson Branch	19	19	100	Mattie D. Stringer
Starke Branch	20	17	85	Jenene Manning
Franklin Stake	**774**	**603**	**78**	**Gladys Bosen**
Fairview	72	59	82	Bertha N. Cole
Linrose	34	26	76	Leta Davis
Mapleton	27	27	100	Cora Knapp
Preston First	173	132	76	Mary A. Moser
Preston Second	80	87	109	Chloe C. Peterson
Preston Fifth	36	30	83	Nettie S. Nielson
Preston Sixth	57	45	79	Florence Stark
Whitney	55	44	80	Madge H. Ransbottom
Ridgedale	88	83	94	Antonia Zimmerman
Smith	57	65	114	Vivian Rice
Smith West	74	65	88	LaPreal Ames
Spring Glen	64	57	89	Gene Goff
Springview	67	73	109	Esthma Fort
Wandamere	44	50	114	Iva Dell Holmberg
Wandamere Park	55	51	93	Elnora Caproni
Grantsville Stake				
Grantsville Second	102	80	78	Eva I. Worthington
Gridley Stake	**365**	**349**	**96**	**Violet Gray**
Chico	46	50	109	Arvilla Graham
Grass Valley	36	30	83	Katie Carter
Gridley	125	97	78	Fayette Sorenson
Oroville	33	34	103	Violet Gray
Paradise	21	22	105	Pearl Smith
Yuba City	104	116	112	Lydia Helton
Gunnison Stake				
Axtell	25	20	80	Rhoda Jensen
Highland Stake	**672**	**616**	**92**	**Lucy C. Beers**
Crystal Heights	54	63	117	Gladys Stutz
Highland Park	138	111	80	Marie F. Miller
Park Avenue	96	95	99	Ruth Harris
Parleys	62	69	111	Maude Neeley
Rosslyn Heights	96	75	78	Carmen Brown
Stratford	152	152	100	Alda Anderson
Hillside Stake				
Mountain View	98	80	82	Ella J. Keddington
South Edgehill	156	124½	80	Vera Hurley
Wasatch	142	128	90	Malone Mumford
Humboldt Stake	**165**	**206**	**125**	**Charlotte S. Ferguson**
Carlin	20	20	100	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Elko	39	55	141	Vera Crissey
Montella	12	15	125	Elaine Jones

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Wells	51	56	110	Margaret E. Dahl
Winnemucca	19	38	200	Mary Conan
Rowland Branch	4	9	225	Bertie Hyde
Ruby Valley Branch	8	13	163	Vela Hawkins
Hyrum Stake				
Hyrum Second	72	63	88	Ann Anderson
Millville	63	48	76	Merle Jenson
Wellsville First	130	99	76	Ethel Jones
Idaho Stake	**391**	**305½**	**78**	**Jennie S. Gilbert**
Bancroft	91	91½	101	Grace Michelsen
Hatch	9	12	133	Rosa Rindlesbaker
Kelly-Toponce	30	34	113	Margaret Hebdon
Lund	20	20	100	Edna Darlington
Idaho Falls Stake	**426**	**497**	**117**	**Ila Stoddard**
Idaho Falls Second	107	131	122	Lydia M. Clark
Idaho Falls Fifth	80	87	109	Estelle Salisbury
Idaho Falls Ninth	75	79	105	Ellen Cannon
Iona	103	136	132	Mrs. Clifford M. Scoresby
Lincoln	61	66	108	Amy Hansen
Inglewood Stake	**449**	**536**	**119**	**Maurine B. Campbell**
Centinella	40	37	93	Afton Broberg
Inglewood	136	171	126	Dora M. Benfer
Lawndale	48	49	102	Irene White
Lennox	72	93	129	Josephine K. Bullock
Redondo	60	73	122	Marie B. Harden
Torrance	53	57	108	Hortense B. Smith
Westchester	40	56	140	Bernice Chapman
Juab Stake				
Nephi Third	93	74	80	May B. Petty

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Lethbridge First	86	91	106	Mabel Pizzey
Macleod	7	14	200	Vivian K. Faulkes
Orton	18	18	100	Lillie T. Derricott
Picture Butte	40	37	93	Lucille Karrin
Stavely	12	12	100	Ida L. Rodgers
Brooks Branch	13	12½	96	Deleen Eveson
Burdett Branch	12	14	117	Claire Ashton
Champion Branch	14	16	114	Carolyn Davies
Liberty Stake	**677**	**719**	**106**	**Lila B. Pressler**
Harvard	134	120	90	Alvida Nelson
Liberty	120	135	113	Alice Russell
North Second	72	76	106	Thelma B. Nielsen
South Second	71	77	108	Mae Thomson
Third	80	88	110	Rachel Garff
Eighth	121	143	118	Katherine McOmie
Ninth	79	80	101	Myrtle Robison
Logan Stake				
College	51	42	82	Nettie Abrams
Young	33	28	85	Wanda Olsen
Long Beach Stake	**596**	**702**	**118**	**Ethel Spongberg**
Compton First	64	68	106	Mildred Moon
Compton Second	73	78	107	Annie Anderson
Long Beach First	100	103	103	Elese Taylor
Long Beach Second	98	100	102	Geraldine Klaeger
Long Beach Fourth	56	78	139	Mary McKinney
Long Beach Sixth	36	51	142	Louisa Rich
Lynwood	59	96	163	Marie DeSpain
San Pedro	48	47	98	Ruth Schoharff
Wilmington	62	81	131	Edith Harris
Los Angeles Stake	**515**	**556**	**108**	**Rebecca Rowe**
Adams	77	88	114	Velma Shirley
Arlington	70	78	111	Mary B. Stokes
Beverly Hills	101	111	110	Nell C. Frame

Juarez Stake				
Dublan	44	44	100	Melvina Jones
Juarez	66	57	86	Bertha Shupe
Kanab Stake	**439**	**335**	**76**	**Nellie Heaton**
Alton	29	23	79	Esther W. Heaton
Glendale	46	42	91	Sarah E. Black
Moccasin	11	17	155	Nora M. Heaton
Mt. Carmel	21	18	86	Mina Gardner
Orderville	80	82	103	Hester P. Heaton
Kolob Stake	**734**	**721**	**98**	**Ivy C. Anderson**
Mapleton	86	103	120	Ardilla Perry
Springville First	103	124	120	Addie Underwood
Springville Second	61	66	108	Eudora Jensen
Springville Third	81	73	90	Maude Christensen
Springville Fifth	80	80	100	Venna A. Reese
Springville Sixth	54	71	131	Sara R. Hyde
Springville Eighth	67	59	88	Alice Wilmott
Springville Ninth	60	62	103	Ellen Larson
Lakeview Stake	**535**	**446½**	**83**	**Beth McEntire**
Clinton	86.	78	91	Ivy Johnston
Hooper First	82	85	104	Manita Suitor
Kanesville	37	29	78	Clara Fletcher
Lake View	82	74	90	Lyma B. Cook
Riverdale	67	70	104	Pearl Champneys
Lehi Stake	**516**	**402**	**78**	**Hazel May Bone**
Lehi First	113	88	78	Hazel May Bone
Lehi Second	85	66	78	Edna Loveridge
Lehi Third	93	76	82	Esther Jones
Lehi Fourth	88	72	82	Marvel Peterson
Lehi Fifth	89	77	87	Francis Comer
Lethbridge Stake	**744**	**582½**	**78**	**Emily Anderson**
Calgary First	54	57	106	Helen Faulkner
Claresholm	34	30	88	Luella Rice
Diamond City	26	22	85	Esther Wilcox
Hollywood	104	111	107	Charlotte O'Connor
La Brea	60	87	145	Marie E. Jensen
Wilshire	103	81	79	Evelyn Anderson
Lost River Stake				
Challis	20	16	80	Mabel Howell
Lemhi	23	19	83	Eunice Hartvigson
Leslie	31	31	100	Ruth T. Olsen
Salmon First	39	44	113	Lucy Guyaz
Salmon Second	45	36	80	Mrs. De Leath Rice
Leadore Branch	10	12	120	Marian Fletcher
Lyman Stake	**474**	**356**	**75**	**Hertha Hofer**
Lyman	88	75	80	Viola Rollins
Manila	25	25	100	Etheleen Twitchell
Mountain View	46	55	120	Cora Hamblin
Rock Springs First	57	53	93	Anne M. Bluemel
Superior	31	24	77	Martha Rock
Farson Branch	12	9	75	Lenora S. Wright, Pres.
Rawlins Branch	24	26	108	Lucile G. Butterfield
Malad Stake	**594**	**544**	**92**	**Mary B. Bush**
Cherry Creek	36	37½	104	Ruby H. Lundburg
Holbrook	15	18	120	Evelyn Nalder
Malad First	105	107	102	Pearl W. Thomas
Malad Second	134	136	101	Beth B. Facer
Malad Third	110	85	77	Helen H. Thomas
Pleasant View	32	30	94	Beth C. Davis
St. John	45	48	107	Anna Lyle M. Jones
Samaria	37	32	86	Verla Hill
Maricopa Stake	**692**	**523**	**76**	**Lola O. Turley**
Mesa First	132	105	80	Caroline J. Warner
Mesa Fourth	89	87	98	Freda Allred
Mesa Sixth	67	73	109	Mathonia Magnusson
Mesa Tenth	58	64	110	Thora Hamblin
Pine	17	22	129	Chloe Randall
Tempe	79	69	87	Hettie Rae Wilbur

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Mesa Stake	**876**	**752**	**86**	**Lola White**
Alma	81	64	79	Isabelle Harris
Chandler	78	73	94	Edith Eyring
Gilbert	49	48	98	Jewel Clement
Mesa Fifth	158	162	103	Rachel Nichols
Mesa Seventh	81	87	107	Anita Atwood
Mesa Ninth	74	61	82	June Ellsworth
Queen Creek	33	26	79	Martha Tenney
Casa Grande Branch	14	13	93	Irene Herbert
Coolidge Branch	46	41	89	Rhoda Langford
Hayden Branch	24	20	83	Mrs. Chester Pratt
Superior Branch	21	17	81	Josephine Farley
Millard Stake				
Fillmore Second	76	60	79	Claris C. Peterson
Flowell	35	29	83	Rose Christensen
Holden	96	75	78	Margaret Jackson
Millcreek Stake	**378**	**339**	**90**	**Ethel A. Smith**
Millcreek First	77	67	87	Catharina Van Leeuwen
Millcreek Second	50	60	120	Ada Toone
Millcreek Third	54	57	106	Edna Harvey
Valley Center First	63	49	78	Beauton Lenfestey
Winder	64	68	106	Hilda Van Beekum
Minidoka Stake	**463**	**482**	**104**	**Alene Summers**
Acequia	40	40	100	Ella Harrison
Emerson	21	27	129	Louie Mae Mecham
Hazelton	38	53	139	Delilah J. Wickham
Heyburn Second	57	48	84	Mary Wilcox
Paul	43	51	119	Verda Platt
Rupert First	41	54	132	Maybell Stevenson
Rupert Second	96	96	100	Emma Garrett
Rupert Third	51	54	106	Eva O. Lowder
Hunt Branch	14	13	93	Ardell Hooper
Mt. Graham Stake	**677**	**638**	**94**	**Myrtle P. Tenney**
Duncan	49	60	122	Jennie Johnson
El Paso Second	50	53	106	Ruby S. Brown
Franklin	37	30	81	Marie Goodman
Layton Second	89	92	103	Clara Nelson
Lordsburg	25	31½	126	Ruth B. Barnes
Safford	103	121	117	Itha Booth
Solomonville	23	24	104	Annie B. Larson
Upper Valley	25	23	92	Caroline B. McDonald
Virden	46	57	124	Emma J. Lines
Animas Branch	12	10	83	Armita G. Richins
Las Cruces Branch	13	15	115	Margene B. Becar
Mt. Jordan Stake	**595**	**447**	**75**	**Bertha S. Powell**
Crescent	55	51	95	Ellen Mickelsen
Draper First	100	84	84	Alice W. Stay
Draper Second	98	97	99	Loe E. Gordan
Sandy Fourth	72	57	79	LaPreal Morris
Mount Logan Stake				
Logan Thirteenth	80	85	106	Emily H. Anderson
River Heights	70	70	100	Rose Hansen
Mount Ogden Stake	**969**	**844**	**87**	**Martha M. Tolman**
Highland	93	106	114	Rita Williamsen
Ogden Twenty-third	92	116	126	Ardella Nichols
Ogden Twenty-fourth	88	129	147	Bessie Adam
Ogden Thirty-third	132	132	100	Martena Leishman
Murray Stake	**642**	**564**	**88**	**Mildred W. Bailey**
Grant	123	124	101	Blanche Bradford
Murray First	117	100	85	Lucille Jones
Murray Second	62	63	102	Eloise Baker
Murray Fourth	46	49	107	Faye Eustance
Murray Fifth	63	67	106	Mary Ann Jensen
Murray Sixth	83	75	90	Fawn Noren
Nampa Stake	**524**	**583½**	**111**	**Isabell Svedin**
Caldwell	66	56	85	Mrs. G. M. Garner

Moapa Stake	**703**	**791**	**113**	**Florence A. Johnson**
Boulder City	73	81	111	Lu Ella Cowan
Bunkerville	35	37	106	Charma Stout
Charleston	97	100	103	Dorothy D. Goshen
Henderson	24	49	204	Mrs. J. A. Tweedie
Kingman	37	42	114	Minnie E. Stowell
Las Vegas First	88	94	107	Belle Hall
Las Vegas Second	59	78	132	Loreta L. Monson
Las Vegas Third	74	83	112	Lucile Pein
Littlefield	11	16	145	Vinda Reber
Logandale	55	58	105	Nola Hanning
Mesquite	70	76	109	Nelda Houston
Overton	67	70	104	Erma Earl
Montpelier Stake				
Bern	25	22	88	Myrtle Steckler
Cokeville	46	36	78	Ella Hunsaker
Geneva	33	32	97	Barbara T. Tueller
Montpelier First	68	60	88	Marie Glauser
Nounan	18	14	78	Mary Minnig
Raymond	14	19	136	Eleaner Saxton
Wardboro	28	30	107	Genevieve Kunz
Monument Park Stake	**365**	**344**	**94**	**Agnes M. Vincent**
Beacon	63	63	100	Rose Rasmussen
Hillside	67	94	140	Ethel Flynn
Monument Park	127	131	103	Nellie Pinney
Moon Lake Stake				
Boneta	25	21	84	Jennie Brotherson
Mount Emmons	36	27	75	Elmira Snow
Mt. Home	41	31	76	Wilma Thayne
Morgan Stake				
Peterson	30	28	93	Althea Carrigan
Slide	17	13	76	Alta Creager
Moroni Stake				
Moroni West	88	75	85	Mrs. Lynn F. Peterson
Homedale	59	59	100	Mary Leavitt
Kuna	38	46	121	Ida Hatch
Melba	39	34	87	Rita Bradshaw
Nampa First	61	59½	98	Blanch Woolard
Nampa Second	75	80	107	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Nampa Third	60	65	108	Anniemay Zesiger
Nampa Fourth	59	102	173	Hanna Castaneto
Black Canyon Branch	13	15	115	Fern Bowden
Marsing Branch	35	39	111	Ruth Davis
Star Branch	19	28	147	Emily Kent
Nebo Stake				
Park	91	75	82	Ethel T. Hiatt
Payson Third	105	81½	78	Clara Orton
Spring Lake	57	45	79	Maxine Moore
West	70	74	106	Laurel Loveless
Nevada Stake				
Lund	51	44	86	Edith Reid
Ruth	30	36	120	Maud Mifflen
New York Stake	**202**	**183**	**91**	**Viola W. Fulton**
East Orange	43	39	91	Erika Anderson
Manhattan	29	24	83	Margaret E. Heidt
Queens	47	49	104	Grace Miller
Uniondale	27	30	111	Anna Koenig
Westchester Branch	33	27	82	Erna Soller
North Box Elder Stake	**585**	**541**	**92**	**Christina N. Bott**
Bear River	76	77	101	Lorena Waddoups
Brigham Third	82	72	88	Fern Channell
Brigham Fourth	91	99	109	Geneva F. Wright
Brigham Seventh	61	63	103	LaVina Hansen
Brigham Eighth	104	80	77	LaVinia Clark
Corinne	91	71	78	Meltrude A. Nelson
Harper	21	23	110	Edith Baty
Honeyville	59	56	95	Daisy Duke
North Carbon Stake				
Helper	79	104	132	Estella Gale
Storrs	20	22	110	Florence I. Anderson
Scofield Branch	18	15	83	Sarah Donaldson

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Davis Stake	**829**	**669**	**81**	**Mrs. Graydon Holt**
Clearfield First	117	105	90	Elsie Bennett
Clearfield Second	52	55	106	Mary Banz
Layton First	67	51	76	Dorsey Hodgson
Layton Fourth	106	106	100	Grace R. Forbes
Syracuse	106	102	96	Iva Jensen
No. Idaho Falls Stake	**594**	**663**	**112**	**Janet L. Landon**
Coltman	53	78	147	Marion Judd
Idaho Falls First	103	116	113	Elizabeth Elg
Idaho Falls Fourth	106	135	127	Anna Christofferson
Idaho Falls Seventh	156	163	104	Emma Jensen
Osgood	62	53	85	Maurine Freeman
Ucon	114	118	104	Elva Andrus
North Jordan Stake	**587**	**604**	**103**	**Elthura Mackay**
Bennion	72	76	106	Blanche Parker
Granger First	64	72	113	Martha M. Parr
Granger Second	81	86	106	Louise Scott
Granger Third	60	87	145	Malinda H. Christensen
Redwood	46	46	100	Louisa Skog
Taylorsville First	66	63	95	Loretta Foote
Taylorsville Second	67	68	101	Rosalma Van Buskirk
Kearns Branch	9	17	189	Frances D. Fish
North Rexburg Stake	**636**	**586**	**92**	**Arvilla Parkinson**
Hibbard	72	60	83	Mary Saurey
Newdale	40	41	103	Zola Allen
Plano	54	74	137	Arvilla Parkinson
Rexburg First	137	109	80	Eva Summers
Salem	69	55	80	Afton Anderson
Sugar	164	167	102	Irene R. Pincock
Teton	100	80	80	Reva Clark

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Ogden Stake	**755**	**770**	**102**	**Chloe F. Summerill**
Eden	36	34	94	Catherine Stallings
Huntsville	69	63	91	Ella Allen
Liberty	23	26	113	Fern B. Clark
Ogden Fourth	140	148	106	Theo Johansen
Ogden Sixth	81	82	101	Elizabeth Thompson
Ogden Thirteenth	111	111	100	Ramona P. Snow
Ogden Twentieth	100	132	132	Nanna Christiansen
Ogden Thirtieth	86	78	91	Madge Crawford
Ogden Thirty-first	109	96	88	Ada Egginton
Oneida Stake	**681**	**594**	**87**	**Leona P. Winger**
Banida	28	24	86	Ada Bell
Dayton	84	68	81	Pearl Beutler
Glencoe	26	22	85	Mary B. Larsen
Glendale	15	15	100	Eulalia W. Larsen
Mink Creek	58	50	86	Della Keller
Oxford	30	25	83	Clara Olson
Preston Third	67	70	104	Amy S. Kern
Preston Fourth	88	93	106	Anna F. Palmer
Preston Seventh	108	96	89	Verneta Larson
Treasureton	21	21	100	Vera Atkinson
Winder	37	31	84	Leona P. Winger
Oquirrh Stake	**421**	**537½**	**128**	**Beatrice W. Dimond**
Garfield First	47	60	128	Zelma Payne
Garfield Second	50	52	104	Earlean McGee
Hercules	14	17	121	Mary Coe
Magna	101	139¾	138	Izella Jeppson
Pleasant Green	140	148	106	Leatrus Turner
Spencer	69	121	175	Florence Reid
Orem Stake	**418**	**398**	**95**	**Alice Harris**
Beverly	31	30	97	Eva Hulet
Geneva	96	96	100	Thelma Benson
Orem First	42	42	100	Eliza Anderson
Timp View	21	31	148	Donna Pullman

North Sanpete Stake				
Fairview South	126	97	77	Araminta Clement
Milburn	14	14	100	Vida S. Graham
Mt. Pleasant Third	47	48	102	Lucille R. Seely
Mountainville	14	12	86	Vera Shelley
Spring City	102	86	84	Bergetta Jensen
North Sevier Stake				
Aurora	90	69	77	Maxiene M. Curtis
Vermillion	22	17	77	May Gledhill
North Weber Stake	**570**	**502**	**88**	**Alta M. Goble**
Ogden Third	79	74	94	Martha M. Burnett
Ogden Tenth	106	92	87	Eliza M. Kerr
Ogden Sixteenth	91	76	84	Armenta S. Malan
Taylor	64	67	105	Melba P. Favero
Warren	47	36	77	Libbie Neilsen
West Warren	27	30	111	Lorraine Barron
West Weber	77	63	82	Rene McLean
Wilson	79	64	81	Sarah H. Holmes
Nyssa Stake	**332**	**450**	**136**	**Mae A. Boyer**
Nyssa First	46	66	143	Lynette Anderson
Nyssa Second	52	84	162	Ardath H. Baker
Ontario	90	123	137	Wanda Mortimer
Owyhee	48	49	102	Edna Hartley
Parma	27	35	130	Lelia Bartshe
Vale	69	93	135	Avis Belnap
Oakland Stake	**591**	**491**	**83**	**Mary L. Stewart**
Alameda	68	53	78	LaVina H. McRae
Castro Valley	51	53	104	Della Eck
Dimond	104	106	102	Lila F. Graham
Elmhurst	64	62	97	Francina De Vries
Livermore	6	6	100	Sylvia Wardell
Maxwell Park	67	56	84	Geraldine Compton
San Leandro	59	46	78	Agnes M. Nelson
Vineyard	68	55	81	Mae Schroder
Windsor	74	82	111	Cora Hooley
Palmyra Stake	**886**	**729**	**82**	**Mrs. Frank Sorensen**
Lake Shore	97	80	82	Berniece Rigtrup
Leland	44	35	80	Kathryn I. Huff
Palmyra	40	37	93	Tressa Sorensen
Salem	94	127	135	Dora H. Cloward
Spanish Fork Second	108	83	77	Lucy L. Hill
Spanish Fork Third	126	99	79	Mildred Houston
Spanish Fork Fourth	130	103	79	Gladys Christmas
Birdseye Branch	16	16	100	Rachel Spencer
Thistle Branch	9	10	111	Ethel Anderson
Palo Alto Stake	**420**	**403**	**96**	**Sarah Avery**
Burlingame	42	52	124	Iris Pickering
Naglee Park	31	36	116	Eliza Horsfield
Redwood City	75	77	103	Aileen Weaver
San Jose	45	51	113	Maud L. West
San Mateo	58	80	138	Harriet S. Zeitschel
Panguitch Stake				
Hatch	43	45½	106	Effie J. Deuel
Henrieville	31	23½	76	Virginia Johnson
Park Stake	**773**	**704½**	**91**	**Lillie S. Schricker**
Duncan	70	82	117	Winifred Poulter
Emigration	65	68	105	La Vern Hanks
First	87	90	103	Clara Dittman
Tenth	80	77	96	Lamecia Pierce
Thirty-first	105	98	93	Geneva A. Odle
Princeton	138	110	80	Afton Thomas
Webster	91	88	97	Gertrude M. Hobson
Parowan Stake	**350**	**329**	**94**	**Betty M. Sorenson**
Enoch	30	34	113	Cora Murie
Paragonah	78	60	77	Erma Lamoreaux
Parowan First	64	79	123	Mildred Gilger
Parowan Second	70	57	81	Mary Stubbs

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Parowan Third	84	73	87	Minnie Orton
Summit	26	26	100	Lucy Green
Pasadena Stake	**518**	**602**	**116**	**Blanche Calvert**
Baldwin Park	48	62	129	Ardella Hackford
East Pasadena	66	69	105	Mabrye Phillips
El Monte	73	95	130	Louise Mariger
Las Flores	83	97	117	Sydona Raleigh
Monrovia	84	110	131	Letitia Meyers
North El Monte	46	47	102	Sarah Anderson
Pasadena	52	56	108	Clara Toone
South Pasadena	66	66	100	Mamie Gerwin
Phoenix Stake	**723**	**811**	**112**	**Florence M. Broberg**
Capitol	86	78	91	Edna Smith
Glendale	61	71	116	Julia S. Kremer
Phoenix First	90	92	102	Alta Mathews
Phoenix Second	64	80	125	Nancy Lou Harbison
Phoenix Third	86	109	127	Ann Pomeroy
Phoenix Fourth	40	47	118	Nora L. Johnson
Phoenix Fifth	56	94	168	Pauline Judd
Phoenix Sixth	73	62	85	Ruby Biggs
Phoenix Seventh	54	71	131	Minerva B. Gillette
Scottsdale	49	53	108	Cornelia Worthen
Buckeye Branch	16	15	94	Mrs. H. C. Gable
Sunnyslope Branch	34	31	91	Frances M. Hansen
Pioneer Stake	**692**	**649**	**94**	**Mary Jacobs**
Cannon	70	62	89	Lillian Van Leuven
Edison	91	74	81	Joyce Ferguson
Glendale Park First	23	37	161	Elna Buehn
Glendale Park Second	29	37	128	Dena Lund
Jordan Park	88	114½	130	Marie Taylor
Riverview	89	70	79	Elizabeth S. Warren
Twenty-fifth	99	89	90	Hildred E. Cook
Thirty-second	27	37	137	Anna Albertsen
Thirty-fifth	53	53	100	Edith Murray
Moulton	10	10	100	Julia Clark
Sublett	12	12	100	Pearl A. Hall
Yost	14	12	86	Viola Tracey
Reno Stake	**426**	**327**	**77**	**Louise L. Bell**
Carson City	13	16	123	Ruth M. Meacham
Hawthorne	34	39	115	Ada Jensen
Lovelock	17	17	100	Erma Adams
Portola	20	26	130	Leah D. Williams
Sparks West	49	53	108	Florence B. Nelson
Susanville	46	35	76	Genet Johnson
Westwood	28	25	89	Mary Young
Rexburg Stake	**597**	**681**	**114**	**Geraldine B. Johnson**
Archer	79	94	119	Norah Grover
Burton	57	76	133	Leone Beattie
Independence	41	35	85	Margaret Barber
Lyman	61	69	113	Jessie Moulton
Rexburg Second	144	170	118	Maud Taylor
Rexburg Third	73	92	126	Wanda Hunziker
Rexburg Fourth	142	145	102	Sibyle Smith
Richland Stake				
Richland First	69	54	78	Carol Powell
Sunnyside	41	31	76	Verna Hoyt
Toppenish	26	23	88	Agnes B. Ferguson
Walla Walla	53	46	87	Irene D. Harrison
Yakima	30	28	93	Hannah Crimin
Rigby Stake	**697**	**707**	**101**	**Sara Simmons**
Annis	56	64	114	Jeanette Browning
Grant	54	52	96	Ruby Pinnock
Hamer	39	40	103	Amelia Smuin
Lewisville	114	93	82	Dora Armstrong
Menan First	66	72	109	Emily Hart
Menan Second	75	77	103	Erma Gunderson
Rigby First	77	79	103	Audra Peterson

Pocatello Stake	**781**	**864**	**111**	**Mrs. R. M. Drake**
Fort Hall	20	24	120	Zella Hall
Inkom	89	91	102	Ada Hall
Pocatello Second	61	69	113	Helga H. Pugmire
Pocatello Fourth	81	99	122	Esther W. Johnson
Pocatello Sixth	81	98	121	Eva B. Barrow
Pocatello Seventh	89	93	104	Mae W. Brown
Pocatello Eighth	47	52	111	Mrs. E. J. Davis
Pocatello Twelfth	60	61	102	Mrs. E. S. Swisher
Pocatello Thirteenth	140	152	109	Mrs. Florest Dawson
Pocatello Fourteenth	74	83	112	Erma Summers
Pocatello Fifteenth	39	42	108	Beth Barlow, Sec.
Portland Stake				
Colonial Heights	67	80	119	Delores Zabell
Laurelhurst	50	64	128	Celia Cox
Moreland	79	64	81	Hattie W. Carlson
University Park	59	44	75	Elizabeth Stevenson
Portneuf Stake	**431**	**432**	**100**	**Ada L. Parris**
Arimo	65	72	111	Merle Tippets
Cambridge	21	24	114	Vella Bloxham
Downey	110	95	86	Margaret Yearsley
Garden Creek	28	28	100	Ethel Henderson
Lava Hot Springs	62	47	76	Emma Roswell
McCammon	78	95	122	Wynona M. Glass
Swan Lake	32	34	106	Marie Henderson
Virginia	35	37	106	Marion Brady
Provo Stake	**449**	**599½**	**134**	**Flora Buggert**
Manavu	98	235	240	Flora Buggert
Provo First	96	83	86	Elizabeth A. Phillips
Provo Fifth	76	78	103	Fanny S. Whimpey
Provo Seventh	88	104	118	Mary Josie
Provo Tenth	43	48½	113	Eva Thorsen
Provo Sixteenth	48	51	106	Edyth R. Maxfield
Raft River Stake	**181**	**144**	**80**	**Alice O. Neddo**
Malta	56	67	120	Alice O. Neddo
Rigby Fourth	68	70	103	Ann Nielsen
Roberts	66	66	100	Ruth Marriott
Terreton	50	62	124	Maurine Peterson
Beaver Creek Branch	32	32	100	Leeola N. Harmon
Riverside Stake				
Center	71	54	76	Pearl F. Jones
Riverside	76	86	113	Hillevi Daniels
Roosevelt Stake	**547**	**423**	**77**	**Amanda M. Henrie**
Ballard	46	47	102	Myrtle Winn
Bennett	14	13	93	Joyce Bolton
Roosevelt Second	89	109	122	Adella Rowley
Whiterocks	20	16	80	Pearl Walkup
Sacramento Stake	**543**	**624**	**115**	**Martha V. Gattiker**
Arcade	67	82	122	Rose R. Baldwin
Carmichael	73	73	100	Myrle Bolles
Fair Oaks	36	52	144	Elsie J. Green
Roseville	53	60	113	Nida B. Morey
Sacramento First	89	105	118	Margherita Singleton
Sacramento Second	54	55	102	Laverna B. Lewis
Sacramento Third	67	68	101	Minnie A. Du Frain
Sacramento Fourth	30	47	157	Belva Cayocca
Woodland	31	37	119	Vendla Gordon
Auburn Branch	22	22	100	Alice W. Ursenbach
Placerville Branch	11	15	136	Goldy T. Baker
Spanish Branch	10	8	80	Rumaldita Martinez
St. George Stake	**684**	**565**	**83**	**Agnes S. Pickett**
Central	14	14	100	Lucyle Bracken
Gunlock	23	21	91	Maybell Hunt
Ivins	15	15	100	Fern M. Hafen
Leeds	28	23½	84	Etta M. Mariger
Mt. Trumbull	6	6	100	Rebecca Bundy
St. George First	66	62	94	Edna Cunningham
St. George Third	80	66	83	Ella B. Neilson
St. George Fourth	69	63½	92	Vilate Leavitt
St. George Fifth	60	62	103	Alma Spendlove

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
St. George Sixth	99	79	80	Emma C. Abbott
Santa Clara	60	45	75	Selina Hafen
Veyo	12	16	133	Harriet B. Chadburn
St. Johns Stake	**391**	**340**	**87**	**Kathlyn A. Brown**
Alpine	20	22	110	Jessie Jepson
Eagar	111	115	104	Agnes M. Lund
Gallup	28	25	89	Juanita Jones
Lund	26	26	100	Clara B. Laney
Nutrioso	8	13	163	Thelma Mangum
St. Johns	137	107	78	Geneva Greer
St. Joseph Stake	**495**	**480**	**97**	**Nira P. Lee**
Bryce	18	20	111	Nellie Dixon
Central	56	61	109	Winnie Smith
Eden	19	19	100	Viola Colvin
Ft. Thomas	30	30	100	Hazel B. Bryce
Globe	37	40	108	Lorraine B. Smith
Miami	54	48	89	Ella Sims
Pima	121	129	107	Zela McBride
Thatcher	160	133	83	Sarah Hales
Salt Lake Stake	**861**	**678½**	**79**	**Clara C. Neeley**
Capitol Hill	94	89	95	Mary L. Fawcett
Fourteenth	123	92	75	Emma R. Jacobs
Nineteenth	88	75	85	Marie M. Hardwick
Twenty-second	103	108	105	Alma Laxman
Twenty-third	36	46	128	Clara Oveson
San Bernardino Stake	**646**	**715**	**111**	**Evelyn W. Heath**
Arlington	45	66	147	Pearl Hudkins
Colton	46	62	135	Artie J. Davis
Hemet	48	54	113	Reva Kribs
Ontario	65	71	109	Ivie Thompson
Pomona	65	70	108	Elizabeth J. Apgood
Redlands	28	28	100	Barbara Christensen
Riverside	82	82	100	Cornelia Jacobson

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Ione Branch	19	24	126	Theodora R. Thomas
Lodi Branch	10	27	270	Wilma McCombs
Manteca Branch	18	20	111	Helen Gillingwater
San Juan Stake	**376**	**378**	**101**	**Vivian W. Redd**
Blanding	86	92	107	Neta Young
Grayson	94	118	126	Volate Shumway
Moab	73	69	95	Elma Dalton
Monticello	100	82	82	Lewie Christensen
Lockerby Branch	10	8	80	Maxine Johnson
San Luis Stake	**505**	**404**	**80**	**Opal McDaniel**
Alamosa	80	88	110	Opal McDaniel
La Jara	94	83	88	Florence Knight
Manassa	126	96	76	Pauline Holmes
Romeo	48	45	94	Opal Nance
Santa Barbara Stake	**291**	**257**	**88**	**Elsie N. Buell**
Ojai	24	25	104	Zelpha P. Marengo
Paso Robles	17	14	82	
San Luis Obispo	36	33	92	Leah P. Godfrey
Santa Barbara	50	49	98	Eileen Godbey Hartman
Santa Maria	34	38	112	Frances Olsen
Ventura	42	37	88	Audra Faris
Lompoc Branch	11	13	118	Nydia R. Hansen
Santa Monica Stake	**446**	**501**	**112**	**Lillie K. Whitehead**
Brentwood	100	152	152	Frances D. Kolarik
La Cienega	86	91	106	Eva L. Quigley
Mar Vista	75	86	115	Sylvia N. Petersen
Santa Monica	135	110	81	Madonna Wallace
Westdale	50	62	124	Agnes M. Nelson
Santaquin-Tintic Stake				
Goshen	66	50	76	Elaine Kirk
Elberta Branch	17	15	88	Harriet E. Barney

San Bernardino 1st	65	68	105	Laura Lee Hilliker
San Bernardino 2d	76	78	103	Sue Powell
Victorville	24	20	83	Savoy Lewis
Elsinore Branch	11	21	191	Lillian Pollan
Mira Loma Branch	14	14	100	Ruth Bates
Perris Branch	12	25	208	Priscilla M. Smuin
Yacaipa Branch	22	25	114	Sible Reagan
San Diego Stake	**555**	**469**	**85**	**Thora Holgren**
Fairmount	91	71	78	Verda Ward
Hillcrest	64	74	116	Sarah Bodily
La Mesa	60	90	150	Della Campbell
National City	43	48	112	Allagonda Lund
North Park	65	62	95	Josephine Gallacher
San Fernando Stake	**538**	**637**	**118**	**Helen K. Yaple**
Burbank	80	94	118	Jane Reynolds
New Hall	9	10	111	Amy Haws, Pres.
North Hollywood	103	168	163	Elizabeth Jacobs
Reseda	77	97	126	Vera Snow
San Fernando	45	74	164	Edith Knapp
Sherman Oaks	52	52	100	Zilpha Nowlin
Van Nuys	63	65	103	Sue Bartlett
San Francisco Stake	**392**	**394**	**101**	**Josephine T. Danford**
Balboa	77	77	100	Beatrice Simister
Mission	82	92	112	Gladys W. Parker
San Francisco	89	84	94	Anna Jensen
San Rafael	45	38	84	Mary E. Spencer
Sunset	99	103	104	Florence Phillips
San Joaquin Stake	**349**	**469**	**134**	**Wealtha Mendenhall**
Modesto	75	101	135	Iva Allen
Oakdale	24	32	133	Pearl Ward
Stockton First	63	70	111	Elva Wolfenbarger
Stockton Second	52	68	131	Ella J. Hart
Tracy	24	37	154	Sarah S. Dana
Turlock	43	58	135	Mary U. Tiffany
Brentwood Branch	21	32	152	Alice Lewis
Santa Rosa Stake	**357**	**312½**	**88**	**Eva Southwick**
Napa	51	53	104	Elizabeth N. Daniel
Santa Rosa	53	54	102	Judith Lindelof
Ukiah	27	24	89	Jessie B. Keeley
Fairfield Branch	30	39	130	Dorothy Johnsen
Fort Bragg Branch	10	11	110	Gladys M. Hendricke
Lakeport Branch	22	21	95	Delores B. McCoy
Petaluma Branch	17	18	106	Virginia Terribilin
Sebastopol Branch	12	14	117	Kate Hardisty
Willits Branch	11	13	118	Eva Southwick
Seattle Stake	**675**	**635½**	**94**	**Chelta D. Brown**
Bellingham	36	45	125	Ella M. Petrie
Bremerton	50	44	88	Cleo M. Carlsen
Everett	32	36	113	Rhoda McCarroll
Olympia	39	32	82	Dona Williams
Renton	59	45	76	Mabel McKilrath
Seattle First	76	62	82	Lucile G. Henrie
Seattle Second	46	54½	118	Hilda A. Shomaker
Seattle Third	43	39	91	Arleta Calkins
Seattle Fourth	26	26	100	Charlotte Myler
Seattle Sixth	20	20	100	Mary B. Glenn
Shelton	19	25	132	Bernadene Ramin
Tacoma First	83	64	77	Devone Johnson
Tacoma Second	37	40	108	Wilma E. Brechbiel
Tacoma Third	28	47	168	Irene Howell
Arlington Branch	10	8	80	Una Carlson
Port Orchard Branch	19	19	100	Myra Ennis
Sevier Stake	**718**	**774**	**108**	**Beth V. Anderson**
Glenwood	65	68	105	Lois Sorenson
Greenwich	13	16	123	Alta V. Sorenson
Koosharem	63	66	105	Etta Crawford
Richfield First	89	97	109	Myrtle Brown
Richfield Second	75	77	103	Hattie Bean
Richfield Third	96	99	103	Pearl Farnsworth
Richfield Fourth	89	89	100	Rozella Hawley
Richfield Fifth	68	77	113	Jane Y. Pollett
Richfield Sixth	78	95	122	Luceal Kramer

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Sigurd	37	37	100	Emily M. Nebeker
Venice	45	53	118	Jennie Cowley
Sharon Stake	**471**	**518**	**110**	**Edna M. Hansen**
Crest View	32	32	100	Dorothy Carter
Edgemont	70	75	107	Florence G. Dalton
Grand View	36	51	142	Mary Stephenson
Hill Crest	41	44	107	Zeda Emmons
Lake View	38	41	108	Minnie Nuttall
Lincoln	57	73	128	Ann Millett
Oak Hills	70	73	104	Camellia T. Denys
Pleasant View	69	71	103	Ruth C. Meldrum
Timpanogos	58	58	100	Amanda Bigelow
Shelley Stake	**567**	**655**	**116**	**Merle Young**
Basalt	52	53	102	Thelma Hoskins
Firth	58	95	164	Florence Hanny
Goshen	71	74	104	Ellen Dye
Jameston	44	47	107	Viola Hillman
Kimball	19	30	158	Florence E. Gifford
Shelley First	83	112	135	Lottie Robinson
Shelley Second	85	86	101	Meryl Hamilton
Shelley Third	61	63	103	Arita Van Eps
Taylor	33	34	103	Pearl Clark
Woodville	61	61	100	Edna Kotter
Smithfield Stake				
Smithfield First	83	76	92	Jessie Littledike
Smithfield Third	129	102	79	Cora W. Aston
Smithfield Fourth	99	82	83	Rebecca P. Larson
Snowflake Stake	**714**	**561**	**79**	**Elizabeth S. Baldwin**
Claysprings	25	29	116	Aurela Plumb
Flagstaff	46	42	91	Martha W. Thomas
Joseph City	67	65	97	Gladys McLaws
Pinedale	17	18	106	Jane M. Jackson
Snowflake	134	100	75	Marge Hunt

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
So. Idaho Falls Stake	**458**	**487**	**106**	**Valeria Blatter**
Ammon	121	127	105	Melvina Reed
Idaho Falls Third	110	127	115	Azilea Johnson
Idaho Falls Sixth	128	133	104	Wanda Johnson
Idaho Falls Eighth	99	100	101	Genevieve Nichols
So. Los Angeles Stake	**924**	**1698**	**184**	**Nancy Rupp**
Downey	114	170	149	Priscilla Morris
Grant	60	123	205	Alice Taylor
Huntington Park	82	173	211	Oralie Wilkinson
Manchester	119	153	129	Ruth Minton
Matthews	115	190	165	Bertha Milius
Maywood	106	164	155	Avilda Kowalski
Miramonte	55	128	233	Jennie Stauffer
South Gate	114	299	262	Evelyn Ferrera
Vermont	76	155	204	Violet Tripp
Walnut Park	83	143	172	Nellie Hunter
South Ogden Stake	**759**	**725**	**96**	**Loretta Cramer**
Ogden Fourteenth	103	108	105	Addie T. Nelson
Ogden Eighteenth	91	75	82	Lura C. Wright
Ogden Twenty-sixth	106	126	119	Ellen N. Brewer
Ogden Twenty-seventh	57	76	133	Lucille Cook
Ogden Twenty-eighth	126	114	90	Margaret Williams
Ogden Thirty-fourth	90	89	99	Luella Brown
South Weber	50	39	78	Venice Poll
Uintah	44	34	77	Elizabeth Fernelius
South Salt Lake Stake	**615**	**634**	**103**	**Hedy T. Davies**
Burton	83	111	134	Martha Reinhold
Central Park	87	88	101	Peggy Oliver
Eldredge	87	73	84	Irene Urry
Granite Park	63	47	75	La Rue Kevern
Haven	76	90	118	Anne Anderson
North Central Park	55	94	171	Evely Harrison
South Gate	101	101½	100	Lillian Woolsie

Winslow	64	57	89	Ruby McHood
Woodruff	24	27	113	Lorena Smithson
Linden Branch	6	9	150	Grace Wilson
McNary Branch	18	25	139	Laura B. Willis
South Bear River Stake	**537**	**465**	**87**	**Eva B. Hansen**
Deweyville	51	40	78	Jennie Fryer
Elwood	43	44	102	Janusine Peterson
Penrose	20	21	105	Lena Jensen
Promontory	18	16	89	Doris W. Flint, Sec.
Tremonton First	70	78	111	Leah Deakin
Tremonton Second	91	80	88	Hazel Ranson
Tremonton Third	63	57	90	Lillian Barfurs
Tremonton Fourth	88	71	81	Eliza Woodruff
South Box Elder Stake	**607**	**646**	**106**	**Edith E. Baddley**
Brigham City First	107	112	105	Artie Sessions
Brigham City Second	106	118	111	Pearl Olsen
Brigham City Fifth	100	103	103	Myrtle Clifford
Brigham City Sixth	91	97	107	Jayne W. Bergstrom
Mantua	49	49	100	Verle N. Anderson
Perry	43	56	130	Ruth G. Hirschi
Willard	111	111	100	Dee Rae Christensen
South Carolina Stake				
Charleston	31	35	113	Mary R. Behre
Columbia	50	50	100	Daisy Neeley
Gaffney	27	21	78	Ila Black
Hartsville	31	26	84	Gladys Watson
Spartanburg	21	16	76	Elizabeth Noblin
Augusta Branch	10	13	130	LaVerne Holley
Sumpter Branch	16	21	131	Katherine M. Griffin
South Davis Stake	**949**	**716**	**75**	**Myrtle B. Hatch**
Bountiful First	71	69	97	Dina M. Hansen
Bountiful Third	84	89	106	Edith C. Clay
Bountiful Sixth	90	94	104	Anna K. Bangerter
West Bountiful	115	102	87	Orla P. Hillhouse
South Sanpete Stake				
Ephraim North	82	71	87	Dora Sparks
Manti South	136	105	77	Sarah D. Anderson
Sterling	31	36	116	Janet J. Otten
South Sevier Stake				
Annabella	64	55	86	Sylvia Davis
Central	46	48	104	Betty G. Hansen
Joseph	46	42	91	Zina Parker
Marysvale	63	50	79	Annie Burr
Monroe South	90	70	78	Ina Naser
Sevier	19	15	79	Lillian Bridges
South Summit Stake	**426**	**320**	**75**	**Ruth Huff**
Kamas	90	74	82	Vinnie Leonard
Marion	34	39	115	Melba Beal
Peoa	31	38	123	Evelyn Stembridge
Woodland	41	33	80	Francell Gines
Southrn. Arizona Stake	**447**	**418**	**94**	**Edna B. Allred**
Douglas	52	43	83	Edna L. Huish
St. David	58	44	76	Florence Bateman
Tucson First	81	92	114	Louisa Done
Tucson Second	65	76	117	Mrs. A. A. Stephens
Tucson Third	61	68	111	Rowena Holladay
Whitewater	33	32	97	Anna Porter
Willcox	14	19	136	Lenore Duncan
Spokane Stake	**373**	**288**	**77**	**Vadus Marx**
Dishman	44	38	86	Verna D. Edwards
North Spokane	53	54	102	Ruth E. Newport
Pullman	29	22	76	Phyllis C. Smith
Sandpoint	27	33	122	Wilma M. Marshall
Coeur d'Alene Branch	35	37	106	Emma Masten
Colville Branch	11	9	82	Ressa Wood, Pres.
Star Valley Stake	**739**	**553½**	**75**	**Ada Hillyard**
Fairview	54	54	100	Maud Ransenberg
Freedom	87	80	92	Alice Ivie

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Grover	52	44	85	Mary S. Hepworth
Thayne	63	53	84	Martha McKim
Sugar House Stake	**742**	**793**	**107**	**Alta Whitehead**
Bryan	116	118	102	Catherine Sipkema
Emerson	140	170	121	Katie Fairbanks
Hawthorne	114	123	108	Mayme Stevens
Marlborough	130	137	105	Gladys Isaacson
Richards	126	127	101	Vera Schmitt
Sugar House	116	118	102	Ruth Marley
Summit Stake				
Coalville	69	54	78	Elizabeth Simister
Hoytsville	53	52	98	Blanche Crittenden
Upton	16	14	88	Ethel Blonquist
Taylor Stake	**580**	**608**	**105**	**Loreen Brewerton**
Magrath First	91	103	113	Maysie Toomer
Magrath Second	79	82	104	Amy Fossey, Sec.
Raymond First	62	54	87	Alice Shaw
Raymond Second	68	60	88	Annie Larsen
Raymond Third	63	77	122	Mrs. E. J. Anderson
Raymond Fourth	60	61	102	Ruby Holland
Stirling	70	73	104	Elsie Perrett
Welling	35	38	109	Roberta Smith
Coutts Branch	16	17	106	Emily Collett
Tyrells Lake Branch	9	14	156	Mary Hamling
Warner Branch	8	12	150	Etta Ellingson
Wrentham Branch	19	17	89	Eva Siewert
Temple View Stake	**713**	**535**	**75**	**Alida W. Nielsen**
Arbor	99	74	75	Doris Wilks
McKinley	114	101	89	Olive Dixon
Sixth-Seventh	73	96	132	Helen Hemmingway
Teton Stake	**434**	**374½**	**86**	**Ruby F. Christiansen**
Bates	26	27	104	Julia J. Riplinger
Twin Falls Second	80	104	130	Mable M. Judd
Twin Falls Third	100	113	113	Vera Holland
Twin Falls Fourth	95	95	100	Bertha Bolton
Castleford Branch	23	23	100	Velma Allred
Filer Branch	32	35	109	Willa Hepworth
Uintah Stake	**690**	**632**	**92**	**Elsie M. Palmer**
Ashley	43	36	84	Elva Erickson
Davis	44	33	75	Idella Smuin
Glines	50	38	76	Effie Holfeltz
Jensen	52	39	75	Amelia Ainge
Lapoint	58	51	88	Lillie Bigelow
Maeser First	40	40	100	Marie Johnson
Maeser Second	47	47	100	Edna Pope
Naples	67	54	81	Eva Haws
Tridell	36	40	111	Virgie Behrman
Vernal First	80	70	88	Mrs. James Chivers
Vernal Second	66	63	95	Pearl D. Winder
Vernal Third	72	79	110	Alice O. Billings
Bonanza Branch	13	15	115	Aloah Vietti
Rangely Branch	22	27	123	Reva Watkins
Union Stake	**418**	**433**	**104**	**Leona M. See**
Baker	62	62	100	Sadie E. Shelton
Enterprise	8	9	113	Amyrue Gent
Imbler-Elgin	27	27	100	Blanche Quebbeman
La Grande First	103	84	82	Lydia Cantrell
La Grande Second	100	118	118	Leona M. See
Pendleton	46	60	130	Lenora Blanchard
Union	51	53	104	Erma W. Badger
Wallowa	11	13	118	Amy Lou Werst
University Stake	**485**	**454½**	**94**	**Etta Cowles**
Eleventh	77	58	75	Ida M. Carlson
West Eleventh	60	50	83	Irma Piercy
Twelfth	115	119	103	Gertrude Russell

Cache	18	20	111	Edna Harris
Cedron	20	20	100	Leatha Kunz
Chapin	15	16	107	Annie Stone
Clawson	31	26	84	Marie Little
Driggs First	56	43	77	Vilda H. Ellis
Driggs Second	45	36	80	Thelma Jackson
Jackson	40	52	130	Ila Tanner
Pratt	26	21	81	Vada Green
Victor	85	65½	77	Edith F. Humble
Timpanogos Stake	**508**	**459**	**90**	**Ora W. Thorne**
Grove	80	70	88	Fern Smith
Lindon	90	71	79	Ella Smith
Manila	60	62	103	Mrs. B. N. Allen
Pleasant Grove First	99	91	92	Ethel Fenton
Pleasant Grove 2d	105	105	100	Alice Deveraux
Pleasant Grove 3d	74	60	81	Vern Young
Tooele Stake	**706**	**644**	**91**	**Jennie A. Wallin**
Lake View	39	30	77	Georgia Droubay
Stockton	30	35	117	Elva Benson
Tooele First	98	79	81	Bessie S. Kemp
Tooele Second	87	65	75	Leona Hitesman
Tooele Fourth	102	88	86	Elsie Curry
Tooele Fifth	62	55	89	Ruby Jordan
Tooele Sixth	42	45	107	La Dean Long
Tooele Seventh	53	51	96	Annie Gollaher
Tooele Eighth	39	65	167	Mary McKellar
Tooele Ninth	16	30	188	Beth Paystrup
Vernon	28	23	82	Bessie Anderson
Deseret Branch	10	14	140	Mary Carson
East Tod Park Branch	9	13	144	Thelma Miller
Twin Falls Stake	**591**	**581**	**98**	**Ruth Lanning**
Buhl First	41	33	80	Johanna Jensen
Buhl Second	48	40	83	Margaret Rosencrantz
Kimberly	66	52	79	Betty C. Holmquist
Murtaugh	39	43	110	Geneva Moyes
Thirteenth	93	115½	124	Emma Larsen
Stadium Village Branch	62	59	95	Gloria Pearce
Utah Stake	**447**	**408**	**91**	**Bertha Memmott**
Park	54	56	104	Anna J. Anderson
Provo Third	137	117	85	Esther Hurst
Provo Fourth	63	53	84	Amme S. Ridge
Provo Sixth	57	64	112	Jane B. Evans
Provo Fourteenth	49	51	104	Nellie M. Diamond
University	87	67	77	Leda Law
Uvada Stake	**307**	**301**	**98**	**Isadora Price**
Panaca	47	56	119	Isadora Price
Pioche	52	121	233	Hertha Kroencke
Wasatch Stake	**645**	**661**	**102**	**Mildred Lawrence**
Center	30	31	103	Blanche Muir
Charleston	38	45	118	Zina Ritchie
Daniel	51	51	100	Ina Orgill
Heber First	108	94	87	La Preal Knight
Heber Second	104	87	84	Ardith Young
Heber Third	73	74	101	Margaret C. Callister
Heber Fourth	79	114	144	Verna Hicken
Midway First	65	73	112	La Neva Averett
Midway Second	62	62	100	Margarett C. Kelly
Wallsburg	35	34	97	Ethel Batty
Washington Stake	**502**	**384**	**76**	**Mary E. Stimpson**
Arlington	86	90	105	Velma H. Allred
Baltimore	54	47	87	Carma C. Martin
Chevy Chase	81	73	90	Ruth Rasband
Washington	63	61	97	Jean Liljenquist
Wayne Stake				
Fremont	37	33	89	Delilah Albrecht
Hanksville	14	19	136	Ethel Noyes
Loa	77	71	92	Ilene Van Dyke
Thurber	72	60	83	Tamor Christensen

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Weber Stake	**681**	**572**	**84**	**Myrl S. Stewart**
Ogden First	111	87	78	Robena Harris
Ogden Second	102	76	75	Rosanna Walker
Ogden Eleventh	101	104	103	Sadie Masters
Ogden Nineteenth	86	79	92	Elva Craynor
Ogden Twenty-second	76	76	100	Ida M. Cook
Washington Terrace 1st	38	38	100	Verda Walker
Washington Terrace 2d	30	30	100	Donna Sandberg
Weiser Stake	**410**	**388**	**95**	**Fannie Chandler**
Emmett First	64	55	86	Bertha Tolman
Letha	62	73	118	Ann Jensen
New Plymouth	44	53	120	Della Morrison
Payette	38	41	108	Rozella M. Sinclair
Weiser	80	88	110	Clarmond Rice
Cascade Branch	17	21	124	Clara McMurdie
Midvale Branch	4	8	200	Edna L. Fuch
Wells Stake	**840**	**677½**	**81**	**Mabel C. Wood**
Belvedere	151	128½	85	Grace Foxley
Ivins	103	94	91	Della Riley
McKay	111	95	86	Anna Sund
Waterloo	147	115	78	Fern Brown
Whittier	130	101	78	Lucille Nebeker
West Jordan Stake	**836**	**760**	**91**	**Sarah Henderson**
Bingham	63	61	97	Ethel Jones
Bluffdale	63	52	83	Pearl Kylen
Copperton	77	73	95	Phebe Johnson
Herriman	50	66	132	Agnes Dansie
Riverton First	69	72	104	Eliza Reynolds
Riverton Second	92	77	84	Evelyn Beckstead
South Jordan	129	129	100	Elsie J. Merrill
West Jordan First	133	115	86	Clara E. Beckstead
West Jordan Second	94	73	78	Mrs. Leo V. Gardner
Kirtland	58	63	109	Eva Noel
Cortez Branch	22	20	91	Annie Hinton
Durango Branch	29	31	107	Iva Ferguson
Kline Branch	12	17	142	Loretta Slade
Zion Park Stake	**384**	**316**	**82**	**Lillian Roundy**
Hurricane North	91	68	75	Louise P. Jepson
Hurricane South	88	91	103	Gwenivere White
Rockville	27	29	107	Mary H. DeMille
Toquerville	40	33	83	Edith Klingonsmith

MISSIONS

Australian Mission	**282**	**212**	**75**	**Ruth Mackay**
Bankstown	28	23	82	Isabel Strachan
Enmore	37	32	86	Mae Clark
Glen Huon	11	17	155	Gladys E. Woolley
Hurtsville	12	22	183	Florence Wardingley
Melbourne	36	28	78	Yvonne MacKay
Nambour	9	11	122	A. R. Lyell
British Mission				
Cheltenham	9	7	78	Ellen Cotten-Betteridge
Ipswich	10	13	130	Isobel Granger, Pres.
Oldham	8	6	75	E. Pearce
St. Albans	9	9	100	Edith M. Henderson
Wolverhampton	6	5	83	Beatrice Aver
California Mission	**623**	**554**	**89**	**La Priel S. Bunker**
Arizona	127	102	80	Josephine Allen
Chino Valley	19	16	84	Cleotha Johnson
Prescott	47	38	81	Mary Payne
Wickenburg	20	22	110	Fern Willis

West Pocatello Stake	**576**	**551**	**96**	**Reta C. Austin**
Pocatello First	80	62	78	Emma Hurst
Pocatello Third	73	87	119	Letha Stevenson
Pocatello Ninth	98	98	100	Eva Richardson
Pocatello Tenth	127	104	82	Flora Jensen
Pocatello Eleventh	87	124	143	Rhoda Dickerson
West Utah Stake	**478**	**482**	**101**	**Cleo L. Thatcher**
Pioneer	77	77	100	Harriet Bigler
Provo Second	101	103	102	Margaret Gabbitas
Provo Eleventh	84	84	100	Leah Patton
Rivergrove First	67	69	103	Eva Ricks
Rivergrove Second	54	54	100	Annie P. Tanner
Sunset	95	95	100	Lillie M. Campbell
Wilford Stake	**456**	**496**	**109**	**Martha W. Paulsen**
Cummings	78	69	88	Leone Monroe
Grandview	75	81	108	Sarah K. Pearson
Imperial	85	72	85	Thora Hunter
Kenwood	71	69	97	Helen M. Bateman
Valley View	96	132	138	Maud C. Graham
Wilford	51	73	143	Mary Caldwell
Woodruff Stake				
Evanston First	86	71	83	May Townson
Hilliard	20	25	125	Naomi Harris
Yellowstone Stake	**646**	**504**	**78**	**Laura Hillam**
Egin Bench	57	44	77	Sarah Mason
Marysville	40	33	83	Marjorie Gunter
St. Anthony First	84	103	123	Almina Johnson
St. Anthony Third	68	51	75	Irene Pettingill
Twin Groves	31	26	84	Nelle Bowen
Wilford	60	48	80	Clarissa Brown
Kilgore Branch	20	20	100	Elsa Jensen
Young Stake	**359**	**290**	**81**	**Zetta Brimhall**
Farmington First	56	58	104	Zetta Brimhall
Jewett	20	16	80	C. Mae Hunt
Colorado River				
Needles	12	9	75	Flora Swanson
Parker	4	6	150	J. L. Neal
Imperial Valley	48	43	90	Thelma E. Lunceford
Brawley	23	23	100	Irena Wadell
El Centro	21	20	95	Nadene Christiansen
Mount Whitney	106	81	76	Addie Smith
Barstow	20	17	85	Minnie B. Conklin
Bishop	17	20	118	Luara Birmingham
Independence	11	11	100	Blanche I. Olds
Lone Pine	9	8	89	Nina Linbeck
Oak Creek	51	70	137	Elizabeth A. Merwin
Verde Valley	28	28	100	Cherill Petersen
Williams	10	31	310	Alice M. B. Muirhead
San Gorgonio	60	52	87	Miriam C. Hale
Beaumont	11	11	100	Mary K. McCray, Pres.
Indio	13	15	115	Ruth M. Ainsworth
Palm Springs	11	12	109	Mae Kehlinbrink
South Coast	123	117	95	Fawn P. Wilcox
Escondido	18	21	117	Elenora Camphuysen
Fallbrook	21	28	133	Edna M. Jones
Laguna Beach	24	22	92	Lola Belnap
San Dieguito	15	12	80	Jennie G. Lewis
Vista	18	14	78	Florence C. Reany
Yuma	69	60	87	Mary Larson
Ajo	38	33	87	Barbara McElmury
Yuma	31	27	87	Eva N. McGovern
Canadian Mission				
Bellville	8	7	88	Ethel Vandervoort
Brantford	11	9	82	Gladys Meek
Chatham	15	12	80	Mabel Barnwell
Oshawa	19	18	95	Gretta Houston
Ottawa	19	18	95	Eva E. Musson
St. Catherines	13	10	77	M. Ruth Neil
Toronto	66	63	95	M. H. Schulzke
Windsor	13	19	146	Allie Halstead

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Central Atlantic States Mission				
Goldsboro				
Kinston	11	14	127	Estella Eubank, Pres.
Tarboro	11	9	82	Evelyn Cartledge
North Carolina Central	185	138	75	
Charlotte	15	14	93	Verlia C. Young
Colfax	20	18	90	Mrs. L. F. Braddock
Durham	11	14	127	Georgia Bennett
Jackson Springs	8	7	88	Betty Thompson
Kannapolis	24	21	88	Mrs. A. D. Ennis
Roxboro	11	10	91	Melba Coats
North Carolina East	104	79	76	Myrna Henderson
Hampstead	9	10	111	Mary Shingleton
Jacksonville	8	7	88	Avanell Glade
New Bern	11	12	109	Mrs. P. H. Robinson
Wilmington	20	25	125	Mrs. James Hollis
North Carolina North	39	36	92	
Elizabeth City	15	19	127	Lorna H. McPherson
Roanoke Rapids	6	6	100	Alma M. Jones
North Carolina West				
Ashville	7	7	100	Sarah E. Israel
Virginia Central				
Danville	10	9	90	Ocey W. Gauldin
Hoges Store	12	10	83	Sadie E. Parr
Virginia East	88	71	81	Mabel H. Crouse
Norfolk	29	26	90	Sarah I. Hill
Portsmouth	13	11	85	Katherine C. Cole
Virginia North	14	11	79	
Charlottesville	14	11	79	Irene C. Dunn
Virginia West				
White Sulphur Springs	18	15	83	Katie Foster, Pres.
Central States Mission	**1011**	**852**	**84**	**Annie M. Ellsworth**
Arkansas	50	46	92	Nell Wiggins
El Dorado	26	28	108	Ila Lovelace
Mountain View	3	3	100	Marion Cornett
Poplar Bluff	16	13	81	Alta Wright
Southwest Missouri	116	89	77	Lorene Tidlund
Bentonville	7	7	100	Sarah C. Poar
Fayetteville	6	6	100	Deane B. Kitterman
Joplin	22	19	86	Juanita R. Shiveley
Miami	10	9	90	Rhea Blessing
Pittsburg	8	8	100	Pearl Green
Siloam Springs	3	3	100	Ollie L. Johnson
Springfield	30	23	77	Gladys Drummond
West Kansas	61	57	93	Marie Moore
Dodge City	20	17	85	Mary M. Shumard
Larned	8	10	125	Elsa Webb
St. John	8	6	75	Joan Jordan
Syracuse	5	8	160	Helen Thornburgh
Ulysses	6	7	117	Alta Dew
West Oklahoma	140	106	76	Grace G. Cullimore
Duncan	13	13	100	Lettie Sadler
Enid	13	11	85	Laura Jean Byrne
Oklahoma City	31	35	113	Mary R. Thompson
Stillwater	18	18	100	Clara V. Nelson
East Central States Mission				
Kentucky Central	53	40	75	
Bradfordsville	13	10	77	Essie C. Morgeson
Lexington	15	12	80	Grace Wells
Winchester	8	8	100	Elizabeth Shrout
Kentucky West				
Elkton	8	6	75	Nettie Lee Hooper
Morgantown	15	12	80	Geneva Childers
Tennessee East				
Knoxville	11	11	100	Veda Travis
Tennessee West				
Jackson	8	6	75	Mrs. Harry Ross
Memphis	41	34	83	Tilda Davis

Hot Springs	10	9	90	Lucretia B. Nadle
Little Rock	8	7	88	Nell Wiggins
Central Kansas	104	110	106	Nellie Meador
Arkansas City	16	12	75	Donna E. White
Chanute	6	5	83	Edna F. West
Coffeyville	9	8	89	Betty Spears
East Wichita	24	35	146	Nellie Meador
Hutchinson	5	8	160	Dorothy Clay
Junction City	7	7	100	Bird Corcoran
Parsons	7	12	171	Anna Belle Spencer
Salina	7	7	100	Aileen Button
East Oklahoma	103	100	97	Maryalice Stewart
Bartlesville	17	17	100	June Jones
Eufaula	9	7	78	Opal L. Price
Gore	8	7	88	Elza Mae Chisum
Henryetta	8	9	113	Shirley Farmer
Muskogee	8	8	100	Dorothy M. Boyd
Seminole	6	8	133	Jo Ann Cooper
Tulsa	27	32	119	Mildred Wall
Independence	250	211	84	Gertrude A. Pearson
Armour Hills	25	26	104	Naomi Nelson
Claytonville	6	5	83	Ada A. Fridell
Independence	40	30	75	Juanita Harris
Knob Noster	6	6	100	Margaret T. Beard
Leavenworth	8	8	100	Anna E. Bowen
Northeast	28	22	79	Stella Richards
Rich Hill	13	10	77	Louise King
Riverview	16	13	81	Thelma Higgins
St. Joseph	21	24	114	Margaret Courtney
Sedalia	14	11	79	Grace Furnell
Topeka	12	9	75	Edith Kuhn
Westport	32	36	113	Pauline Slight
Missouri				
Columbia	9	9	100	Evelyn Wood
Jefferson City	5	8	160	Fannie Edgell
St. Louis	52	42	81	Bertha Ohsiek
Southeast Missouri				
Hayti	10	9	90	Pauline Britton
West Virginia North	45	56	124	
Franklin	11	35	318	Alice B. Hartman
Parkersburg	5	6	120	Hillary Rymer
West Virginia South	116	92	79	
Charleston	43	45	105	Emma Atkinson
Eastern States Mission	**618**	**475**	**77**	**Helen Beth Henrickson**
Albany	14	12	86	Beth Taylor
Allentown	10	11	110	Mary Boyer
Bradford	6	6	100	Helen M. Clark
Buffalo	18	17	94	Louise C. Winspear
Camden	14	14	100	Marie M. Schroeder
Chester	7	7	100	Julia T. Brown
Erie	15	17	113	Susie Christian
Germantown	20	24	120	Edith R. Viccellio
Gloversville	13	14	108	Martha Milks
Johnstown	7	7	100	Florence Fisher
Kingston	5	4	80	Olive G. Gray
Monmouth	10	9	90	Alice B. Hansen
Monongahela	8	6	75	Lillian McDonald
Niagara Falls	17	16	94	Tessa M. Udy
Oneonta	9	7	78	Aseita Ward
Palmyra	16	14	88	Dora Ferguson
Philadelphia	35	37	106	Florence B. Bennett
Pittsburgh	28	23	82	Virginia Birtcher
Punxsuatawney	12	9	75	Orphis M. Mercer
Reading	10	11	110	Pearl D. Yeager
Rochester	18	16	89	Hazel Hicks
Sunbury	8	6	75	Mary Grace Gleason
Washington	12	9	75	Virginia Danley
Wilmington	14	22	157	Beatrice C. Stirland
York	11	12	109	Sylvia E. Palsgrove
Great Lakes Mission	**880**	**683**	**78**	**Ella C. Burton**
Central Indiana	149	122	82	Ellen R. Clayton
Cambridge City	17	15	88	Bertha Lilly
Columbus	19	15	79	Alice King
Indianapolis North	34	30	88	Alice Coffey
Muncie	28	30	107	Florence E. Hoskins

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Indiana				
Fort Wayne	23	28	122	Elsie L. Martin
South Bend	11	11	100	Norma Weinbrenner
South Indiana				
Bloomington	12	10	83	Fannie S. Pate
East Michigan				
Toledo	14	12	86	Florence M. Schultz
West Michigan	134	133	99	Sophia B. Gordon
Battle Creek	15	17	113	Bernice Confer
Flint	36	36	100	Alfrild Tracy
Grand Rapids	14	17	121	Jannette Harston
Jackson	12	12	100	Norma E. Wilson
Kalamazoo	8	6	75	
Lansing	21	20	95	Jean Anderson
Muskegon	12	10	83	Emma Enwald
Saginaw	16	15	94	Albertine Hiltz
Central Ohio	92	95	103	Lucile Tate
Columbus	44	36	82	Beatrice F. Nielsen
Dayton	27	36	133	Emma Wolfe
Lima	12	12	100	Nellie A. Allen
Springfield	9	11	122	Wanda P. Puckett
North Ohio				
Alliance	12	12	100	Mrs. Floyd B. Randoll
Canton	7	7	100	Florence Collins
Cleveland	21	17	81	Trelva Wilson
Warren	8	8	100	Margaret Calkens
South Ohio	89	87	98	Lulu Belle Blackham
Cincinnati	40	56	140	Rosa Bang
Middletown	8	7	88	Ola Napier
New England Mission	**316**	**238**	**75**	**Lena Bennett**
Amherst	13	12	92	Lillian Ruth Norwood
Bangor	8	6	75	Valeda Stetson
Burlington	8	10	125	Mildred Shortsleeve
Cambridge	22	18	82	Priscilla H. Gale
Farmington	7	8	114	Mrs. Lloyd Fitch
Superior	12	12	100	Hazel Welch
Tower	3	3	100	Mrs. R. A. Bruneau
Virginia	5	5	100	Violet H. Larson
South Minnesota				
Austin	4	3	75	Vera B. Peterson
Fort Frances	4	3	75	Ethel Shine
Gettysburg	7	12	171	Mildred Sandberg
Grand Forks	10	9	90	Lottie Lehew
Minneapolis No. 2	15	15	100	Barbara Gelder
Sioux Falls	11	9	82	Clarice Rawlings
Winnipeg	24	20	83	Marjorie E. Berthman
Northn. States Mission	**504**	**448**	**89**	**Lucy T. Andersen**
East Iowa	50	46	92	Malinda W. Flake
Bonaparte	5	10	200	Sue T. Ferguson
Cedar Rapids	11	13	118	Florence N. Schaffer
Iowa City	14	13	93	Lois E. Swapp
Waterloo	8	6	75	Edith Grappendorf
North Illinois	75	83	111	Rena P. Custer
Elgin	5	5	100	Betty Naule
Galesburg	13	24	185	Rena P. Custer
Rockford	5	6	120	Alma Busker
Tri City	32	35	109	Marilyn Bales
South Illinois	117	105	90	Pearl B. Kelly
Alton	4	6	150	Helen C. Gill
Champaign	16	13	81	Norma Bartley
Clinton	8	8	100	Lettie Crews
Danville	7	7	100	Jane Preble
Decatur	17	13	76	Freda Belle Dial
Farmer City	11	12	109	Viona Turpin
Murphydale	4	9	225	Fannie Stamp
Quincy	3	5	167	Anne Burrows
Springfield	23	19	83	Anna Marie Tehrholz
West Frankfort	11	9	82	Nila Risner
West Iowa				

Hartford	15	18	120	Dorothy G. Stowe
New Bedford	13	11	85	Eleanor Rimmer
New Haven	9	11	122	Phyllis G. Cannon
New London	8	8	100	Aurla E. Mitchell
Northern Maine	16	16	100	Dorothy S. Wiley
Portland	5	4	80	
Portsmouth	6	5	83	Viola Martin
Providence	6	6	100	Beatrice P. Johnson
South Royalton	12	12	100	Sadie Whitcomb
Springfield	17	23	135	Genevieve Davis
No. California Mission	**749**	**580**	**77**	**Amelia E. P. Gardner**
Klamath Falls				
Alturas	10	13	130	Bertha Smith
Tulelake	15	15	100	Betty Lynch
Monterey Bay				
Salinas	25	22	88	Alton Ward
Sunnyvale	27	23	85	Gertrude Reuckert
Watsonville	26	20	77	Laura Hellyer
Redwood	82	65	79	Magdalene Wilcox
Crescent City	12	14	117	Margery Johnson
Eureka	21	24	114	Maggie Poteet
Rogue River	187	161	86	Helyn B. Hassell
Ashland	65	51	78	Venita L. Macklin
Etna	14	19	136	Eva Facey
Grants Pass	39	37	95	Delna Evans, Sec.
Medford	44	35	80	Bertie McGrow
Yreka	16	13	81	Ruth Dutra
Shasta	162	129	80	Irma Angus
Corning	20	16	80	Mae Woodward
Cottonwood	14	14	100	Laurel E. Calder
Orland	12	13	108	May Parker
Red Bluff	22	17	77	Marian Wiseman
Redding	44	40	91	Sarah Leathan
Willows	6	8	133	Martha M. Nelson
North Central States Mission				
Lake	37	35	95	Ruth J. Peterson
Duluth	17	15	88	Margaret E. Hallgren
Des Moines	25	20	80	Grace Clark
Winter Quarters	98	81	83	Afton Hardy
Council Bluffs	24	18	75	Vera Leenier
Lincoln	22	22	100	Rosa L. Newbill
Wisconsin	107	101	94	Hazel M. Branham
Eau Claire	17	16	94	Luella M. Schroeder
Fond du Lac	6	13	217	Myrtle Dowland
Lyndhurst	12	20	167	Selma Hofman
Oneida	12	9	75	Beth Neider
Rhinelander	10	17	170	Eva Dutcher
Sheboygan	5	5	100	Margaret Heck
Wausau	4	4	100	Esther Waite
Northwestern States Mission	**1042**	**847**	**81**	**Mae A. McMurrin**
Bend	104	99	95	Juyne O. Farrington
Bend	29	40	138	Florence A. Spencer
John Day	13	11	85	Blanche M. Childers
Redmond	20	24	120	Adele Nelson
Corvallis	101	87	86	Lucile T. Hardman
Albany	15	14	93	Ruth Odegard
Lebanon	15	15	100	Virginia Winstead
Newport	13	17	131	Elizabeth Carriker
Sweet Home	12	9	75	Rose Tyler
McMinnville	173	150	87	Melba Duncan
Astoria	23	19	83	Karen A. Hagnas
Buxton	8	7	88	Fay R. Gibson
McMinnville	28	21	75	Christia Walker
Molalla	7	6	86	Mary Coltrin
Newberg	12	13	108	Rotha Young
Silverton	6	6	100	Annette Harris
Tillamook	19	22	116	Bertha Winfield
Veronia	14	11	79	Maxine Medges
Woodburn	18	19	106	Leurilla Wilcox
Oregon				
Klickitat	16	13	81	Edna Wolsey
Oregon City	41	42	102	Vanda Marchant
Vancouver	38	33	87	Ann Fettis

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Puget Sound	71	62	87	Joyce C. Elzinga
Grays Harbor	15	13	87	May D. Hale
Port Angeles	18	17	94	Joyce C. Elzinga
Raymond	14	14	100	Bertha Zakel
Winlock	12	12	100	Mrs. Russell Forman
Rainier	97	76	78	Alice Brownell
Buckley	16	17	106	Helen S. Smith
Monroe	10	13	130	Ethel Barron
Southern Oregon				
Bandon	11	9	82	Maybelle Wilde, Pres.
Junction City	20	15	75	Mary E. Holmes
Westfir-Oakridge	9	9	100	Margaret Draper
Wenatchee	153	120	78	Mae Groom
Moses Lake	37	29	78	Delsa Lybbert
Quincy-Ephrata	28	23	82	Margaret F. Amoureux
Wenatchee	37	37	100	Pauline M. Baird
Individual Branches	83	75	90	
Anchorage	31	29	94	Gertrude M. Phillips
Fairbanks	14	13	93	Merlene C. Anderson
Juneau	11	12	109	Effie Boutin
Kellogg-Wallace	16	13	81	Ruby Euhert
South African Mission				
Luanshya H. R.	6	5	83	
Ramah	13	11	85	
Springs	8	10	125	
Southern States Mis.	**1281**	**1038**	**81**	**Rula W. Choules**
Alabama	79	74	94	Arcola De Witt
Bayou La Croix	5	6	120	Ellen E. Ladner
Biloxi	7	10	143	Daisy Harvey
Lamison	17	15	88	Effie Stockman
Mobile	17	18	106	Effie Cotton
Pascagoula	8	8	100	Edna L. Hewett
Pensacola	15	14	93	Violet Odom
McCalla	18	16	89	Mary L. Vining
North Mississippi				
Columbus	3	3	100	Ruth Lamar
Sarah	18	15	83	Robbie Whitsell
Senatobia	5	5	100	Viola I. Holliday
South Carolina	59	47	80	Hilmar H. Bair
Bennetsville	6	5	83	Eunice Rainwater
Myrtle Beach	16	14	88	Deloris Anderson
North	7	8	114	Eva E. Strickland
South Florida				
Ft. Lauderdale	10	11	110	Ida Lewis
Ft. Myers	14	12	86	Inez H. Wychyk
Ft. Pierce	6	9	150	Leona Draper
Miami Second	18	18	100	Bessie Hearn
South Georgia	85	65	76	Alberta S. Clifton
Hazelhurst	10	10	100	Myrtle Hutcheson
Ridgeland	20	20	100	Vivian Louther
Savannah	32	28	88	Florrie Hughes
West Florida	80	79	99	Mrs. Jeremiah Sims
Bristol	14	17	121	L. V. Adams
Crestview	9	11	122	Minnie Chesser
Marianna	10	9	90	Clara Mae Sims
Olive	6	5	83	Julia Mae Kennedy
Panama City	13	13	100	Dorothy J. Breland
Sink Creek	9	9	100	Audra Peacock
Telogia	5	7	140	Esther Johnson
West South Carolina				
Aiken	11	11	100	Elma S. Pulham
Rock Hill	7	6	86	Mrs. A. J. Lee
Texas-Louisiana Mis.	**935**	**926**	**99**	**Leone R. Bowring**
East Texas				
Gilmer	17	15	88	Fern Collier
Longview	28	22	79	Edna B. Cole
Marshall	11	11	100	Mrs. J. B. Haden
Queen City	4	9	225	
Tyler	5	8	160	Vaughn Rawley

Central Florida	175	149	85	J. Marie Moore
Bartow	12	13	108	Julia Gilbert
Belleview	15	15	100	Eleanor Pruitt
Bradenton	7	6	86	Anita Humphrey
Daytona Beach	8	10	125	Ethel V. Wright
New Smyrna Beach	6	6	100	Lucy Michael
Orlando	24	24	100	Rose E. Gorg
Tampa	29	38	131	Ethel Gainer
Georgia-Florida	142	118	83	Ollie Mae Adams
Cairo	8	8	100	Katie E. Butler
Douglas	17	24	141	Rachel Roberts
Fitzgerald	9	8	89	Elizabeth Lott
Genoa	7	6	86	Florence Milton
Madison	11	9	82	Vela Milton
Perry	7	7	100	Tathie Brown
Quitman	8	8	100	Bessie Porter
Valdosta	7	6	86	Cais Asbell
Willacoochie	11	9	82	Louise Griner
Georgia	219	201	92	Caroline Willson
Athens	6	9	150	Myrtle Dixon
Atlanta	50	42	84	Mrs. R. E. Parker
East Point	11	16	145	Geneva Dubrawski
Empire	13	15	115	Myrtle Fordham
Gainesville	8	10	125	Nora Lee Miller
Gibson	7	7	100	Vera Thigpen
Macon	34	38	112	Viola Land
Milledgeville	9	10	111	Alice Quinn
Montrose	10	9	90	Lollie Jean Cooper
Palmetto	9	7	78	Clovis Phillips
Mississippi	137	108	79	Otilla K. Griner
Columbia	16	21	131	Otilla K. Griner
Hattiesburg	10	11	110	Edith B. Denham
Liberty	11	11	100	Katie Blalock
McComb	7	7	100	Jessie Lenoir
Red Star	17	14	82	Arcola Brady
Sand Hill	4	5	125	Wrennie Walley
Seminary	13	12	92	Julia Eaton
North Alabama				
Huntsville	9	9	100	Nelda Jankins
North Central Texas	113	113	100	Annie S. Poll
Dallas	47	45	96	Mary Norris
Ft. Worth	28	40	143	Lydia Swanson
Waco	24	18	75	Lillian L. Bull
North Louisiana	148	131	89	Jewel L. Caraway
Alexandria	10	14	140	Margaret P. Jackson
Level Hill	8	12	150	Mayme Rogers
Many	21	19	90	Mayo Hardy
Natchitoches	18	16	89	Clara A. Methvin
Rosepine	8	10	125	Melva L. Henry
Shreveport	29	33	114	Ruth Johanson
North Texas	34	42	124	Ruby Boles
Amarillo	10	16	160	Ruth M. Ray
Borger	12	14	117	Alice Cumings
Lubbock	12	12	100	Laura Horne
Southeast Texas	184	193	105	Sadie Ollorton Clark
Bay City	4	4	100	Mrs. E. J. Ashcroft
Baytown	17	17	100	Ann Bullock
Beaumont	11	11	100	Annie Lee McLanathan
Cleveland	8	6	75	Zella S. Rhoden
Houston Branch #1	38	44	116	Grace Matthews
Houston Branch #2	28	30	107	Violet Dickerson
Orange	5	14	280	Alice Stockton
Velacso	13	15	115	Anita Walters
Williamson	38	42	111	Sadie Williamson
South Louisiana	148	163	110	Anna E. Brian
Albany	6	6	100	Mrs. Luther Stewart
Baton Rouge	30	65	217	Myrtle Raffray
Bogalusa	7	7	100	Thanie Dunaway
Covington	3	3	100	Neola Jenkins
Hammond	11	10	91	Lovey Taylor
Holten	6	5	83	
New Orleans	25	24	96	Grace N. Nicol
Pride	17	15	88	Gertrude Aucoin
Sun	2	3	150	Eunice Cooper
South Texas	128	127	99	Louise R. Turley
Alamo	6	6	100	Willie Moore

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Austin	35	30	86	Susie Ricks
Center Point	10	8	80	Lena Tullis
Corpus Christi	16	12	75	Joyce Smith
San Antonio	43	53	123	Addalee Smith
Victoria	10	14	140	Othelia Schuchert
West Texas	31	49	158	La Priel D. White
Monahans	15	23	153	Muriel C. James
San Angelo	16	26	163	Maxine Clark
Western States Mis.	**846**	**817**	**97**	**Mildred M. Dillman**
Denver	38	34	89	
Brighton	5	5	100	Sadie Ard
Greeley	20	18	90	Thelma McDaniel
Sterling	8	8	100	Sarah M. Yapp
East New Mexico	57	48	84	
Alamogordo	9	8	89	Ilese M. Jorgensen
Hobbs	8	8	100	Millie Scott
Tucamcari	5	9	180	Jane Simms
Pueblo	67	65	97	
Canon City	14	11	79	Avalon Smart
Colorado Springs	36	35	97	Ella Huffaker
La Junta	10	11	110	Ethel Quarels
Trinidad	7	7	100	Ladeen Tally
San Luis				
Taos	10	8	80	Thelma Shupe
Scottsbluff	65	66	102	
Bridgeport	12	16	133	Vera Eddings
Sidney	10	14	140	Eva Green
Torrington	22	21	95	Elda Kennelly
West Colorado	315	283	90	Lula Dunsdon
Delta	18	18	100	Marie Snider
Fruita	32	36	113	Jane Blann
Glenwood Springs	29	42	145	Lula Dunsdon
Grand Junction	80	62	78	Ann Newman
Meeker	25	20	80	Estelle Madsen
Montrose	21	20	95	Afton Holt

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
West Central States Mission	**1187**	**921**	**78**	**Reta F. Broadbent**
Butte	265	221	83	
Bozeman	20	23	115	Irene Buttelman
Butte	49	38	78	Marie Evans
Dillon	37	38	103	Elaine T. Sweeney
Helena	39	41	105	Lucile Rossiter
Lima	14	14	100	Victoria G. Peterson
Livingston	18	14	78	Mrs. Geo. R. Gillette
Sheridan	15	14	93	Ruth V. Norton
Great Falls	181	170	94	Jean Miller
Bynum	19	24	126	Ivy Stott
Conrad	10	11	110	Gladys Peterson
Ft. Benton	10	10	100	Ida Embleton
Golden Ridge	9	10	111	Armida Hanberg
Great Falls	62	92	148	Vera Nelson
Simms	17	13	76	Idalu Haynes
Missoula	293	241	82	Sarah Farnsworth
Allendale	19	28	147	Elizabeth Bradshaw
Columbia Falls	12	21	175	Ada Morris
Hamilton	41	45	110	Ora Blodgett
Kalispell	31	27	87	Minnie Wendt
Polson	12	12	100	Venetta Brawer
Stevensville	9	10	111	Martha Porritt
Northern Montana				
Harlem	17	16	94	Itha Johnson
Wyoming	147	116	79	
Casper	46	35	76	Katherine Hein
Ft. Washakie	7	6	86	Dorothy Milam
Lander	18	20	111	Carrie Buchanan
Thermopolis	21	16	76	Agnes M. Reed
Yellowstone				
Sumatra	11	13	118	Judy Savage
Individual Branches				
Baggs	28	21	75	Florence Orchard
Belle Fourche	8	7	88	Ada Edwards, Pres.
Glasgow	14	16	114	Paulina Stephens

Palisade	11	10	91	Vera Miskin
Paonia	24	24	100	Elizabeth Williams
Rifle	16	14	88	Glenda Richardson
West Nebraska	**29**	**31**	**107**	
Grand Island	11	15	136	Emma Mae Allen
Hastings	4	5	125	Minnie Stoddard
North Platte	9	8	89	Vera M. Combs
West New Mexico	**224**	**260**	**116**	
Albuquerqque	84	128	152	Della Miller
Deming	11	11	100	Mabel Singer
Hot Springs	15	14	93	Ina Peterson
Los Alamos	24	28	117	Erma Kae Bingham
Santa Fe	12	14	117	Alta Jordan
Truth or Consequences	15	14	93	
Branch not in District				
Uravan	6	6	100	Louise Warren
Rapid City	9	8	89	Elizabeth Thomas, Sec.
Western Canadian Mission				
Creston	16	12	75	Idella Thomson
Edmonton	50	39	78	Melba McMullin
High River	6	6	100	Dorothy Golightly
Moose Jaw	10	9	90	Thoda Hansen
Nanaimo	7	8	114	Mrs. E. Romeril
New Westminster	20	16	80	Zona Jacobs
North Shore	10	10	100	Mrs. D. Sniker
Pemticton	6	6	100	Mrs. E. Gunning
Pincher Creek	10	10	110	Marie Smith
Red Deer	7	7	100	Darlene Swainson
Vernon	6	5	83	Mary Sloan
Victoria	20	23	115	Christine Baker
White Rock	11	11	100	Linda Stehr

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Leila G. Eldredge

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL SECOND WARD DISPLAY OF DOLLS AT ANNUAL BAZAAR

Left to right: Cristie Hatch and Gladys Everett.

These dolls added much interest, color, and financial success to this bazaar. For the second consecutive year Sister Hatch and Sister Everett have bought new dolls at after-Christmas sales, and they have gathered dolls and scraps of material from ward members. They have re-finished dolls and dressed them beautifully from tip to toe, making many extra items, as well as complete wardrobes. The lovely "bride" dolls are a specialty of these Relief Society women.

Officers of the Bountiful Second Ward Relief Society are: Zelma Duffin, President; Thelma Gibson, First Counselor; Mabel Goodfellow, Second Counselor.

Leila G. Eldredge is president of South Davis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaVera W. Coombs

LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), FOURTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Vesta Whatcoot, First Counselor; Eva Chapman, Second Counselor; Dolly Sorenson, President; Carrie Borchet, Secretary.

These sisters were the first to be officers of the Relief Society in the Fourteenth Ward after its division from the Sixth Ward in 1946. They were released in September 1951, and shortly after that Sister Sorenson left, with her husband, to serve in the North Central States Mission.

LaVera W. Coombs is president of Logan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mary L. Lewis

PUERTO RICO RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS MANY ACTIVITIES IN SMALL ORGANIZATION

Left to right: Pauline Rudd, teacher and assistant in music; Catherine Golding, Secretary; Joy Barker, First Counselor; Abbie Lamb, President; Mary L. Lewis, Second Counselor; Virginia Padin, Puerto Rican member, an expert in needlecraft.

Most of these young Relief Society members are wives of servicemen stationed in Puerto Rico. Sister Ruth Smith was unable to be present when the photograph was taken, and Sister Olive Golding, of Price, Utah, who was a member for a time, is not in the picture.

Sister Lewis reports the activities of this enthusiastic group: "We were fortunate to have enough Latter-day Saint women to organize a Relief Society among the wives of the servicemen. Each week the members met at one of the homes under the direction of President Abbie Lamb. Sister Padin attended every meeting and taught us many beautiful fancywork patterns. Each member completed an embroidered blouse, and, as a Christmas project, the group made clothing for a needy native family. We had several visitors to our meetings, and they were greatly impressed."

Photograph submitted by Edna J. Kindred

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, AMMON WARD, DISPLAYS QUILT SENT AS A GIFT TO THE JOSEPH SMITH HOME, PALMYRA, NEW YORK

Left to right: Marjorie Judy, Secretary; Dian Judy, President; Pamela Southwick, First Counselor; Leda Jones, Second Counselor; Vera Lee, work meeting director; Olive Empey, quiltmaking leader.

This beautiful and exquisitely made quilt is designed in the pattern known as "Washington's Pavement," and the sisters greatly enjoyed making the quilt for this worthwhile purpose.

Edna J. Kindred is president of South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ella C. Burton

GREAT LAKES MISSION, PURDUE BRANCH (LAFAYETTE, INDIANA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS WHO SPONSORED A BAZAAR
November 10, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Alice Christensen; Fay Probst; Colleen Baxter, President; Mayda Low; June Jacobsen; Ruth Aikele.

Back row, standing, left to right: Glenine Wallace; Elaine Watt; Kathleen

Richardson; Velva Lee Smith; Damaris Williams; Fae Baker; Rae Simonsen, Second Counselor; Ina Nelson; Dessie Olson, First Counselor.

The bazaar commenced at six o'clock P.M. with the serving of a cafeteria-style family supper. Sister Ina Nelson was in charge of the food. At six-thirty the fish-pond was opened for the children, under the direction of Sister Aikele and Sister Wallace. At seven o'clock the sewing booth opened. As it was near Christmas time, everyone was eager to take advantage of the lovely articles on sale. Francis Stephenson and Elaine Watt were in charge of this booth. Other displays included bakery goods, an art booth, and a booth displaying Christmas gift wrappings. A one-hour program concluded the evening's entertainment, with Brother John Simonsen acting as master of ceremonies.

Ella C. Burton is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Madeleine P. Stevens

COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSICAL DRAMATIZATION, "ODE TO A MESSENGER," January 17, 1952

Front row, at left: Sister Iola J. Peterson, stake chorister; Bishop Arion Erekson, voice for the "Master" in dramatization.

Second row, standing next to, and just back of Bishop Erekson, President Madeleine P. Stevens, Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.

Back row, at left: Evelyn P. Shelton, stake *Magazine* representative and author of the dramatization, and composer of the music.

In *Magazine* cover at right, soloist Mildred O. Shaw.

The purpose of this unique and beautifully presented dramatization was to bring to the attention of the sisters the great service rendered by *The Relief Society Magazine*. In the introduction, read by the stake literature leader, Maurine B. Folsom, the following comments were emphasized: "*The Relief Society Magazine* serves as the heart of the great organization—its messenger, its instructor, its lifeline. To portray the magnitude and scope of this homemaker's guide, we present this musical dramatization."

Each ward in the stake furnished a group of Singing Mothers for the stake chorus, and these groups formed the nucleus for developing a larger chorus in each ward, so that the dramatization could be presented in each ward during the month of February.

Photograph submitted by Pearl Bullock

DANISH MISSION, ESBJERG BRANCH DISPLAYS QUILT AND WELFARE CLOTHING

Standing, back row, second from the left is Sister Pearl Bullock, a missionary, and district president.

Sister Bullock reports that this small branch has "done a wonderful work with used clothing sent from America. Six hundred articles of clothing have been prepared by the sisters and are now on hand for use. The sisters here in Denmark are sweet and humble. They love the Relief Society and are willing and faithful. A most wonderful spirit of love is felt in all our meetings. The testimonies are genuine, and the sisters love the gospel."

Minnie B. Sorensen is president of the Danish Mission Relief Society.

* * * *

Re-Entrance of Spring

Maryhale Woolsey

A thousand thousand times, spring has renewed
This peaceful valley. Springtime—long unnamed,
But known by every charming, changeful mood—
Has set the bright streams dancing, and reclaimed
These hills from winter's rule. Year after year
Unrolled the meadows' flowered carpetings,
Saw slim red willows put on leaf-green sheer,
And birds, bound nestward, fold contented wings.

A thousand thousand times, the waking land
Will bring this gladness to the eager heart,
This sureness of new miracles at hand—
And one high lovely moment, quite apart,
When wonder enters by some secret door
As if springtime had never been, before.

Dear Conquest

(*Continued from page 317*)

ther and for him for a long time."

Maggie looked up. "Ira's asking a great deal when he asks me to stay safe while he's in danger or going through some trouble alone, always alone . . . ."

We all fell silent again until Grandma Friebach began to recount some of the Thanksgiving dinners she'd given or been to more than fifty years ago.

It was dark by five, when My John bundled Grandma Friebach up and took her home in the sleigh. Maggie fed Sullivan his supper in the kitchen, balancing him on her lap while he did his best to reach his dish and upset it.

"Maybe," Maggie said, trying to make her voice light, "Ira will miss us."

"Course he will," I said, hanging up my dishcloth.

Maggie hid her face against the ba[illegible] of Sullivan's little fat neck. Her voice broke. "This isn't the kind of marriage I expected, that Ira and I have. It's more of an endurance match. I can't bear to see so much that was good turning into something bad."

"Ira's just a dreadfully proud man," I said.

"I want him to be proud." Maggie began to cry. "But I want him to be using his love as well as his pride. Ira's got to be reached, but I don't know how. Love's got to be stronger between us than pride."

Sullivan squirmed to reach his mother's face. Maggie brushed away the tears with the back of her hand and swallowed hard just as My John banged open the back kitchen

BEAUTIFUL
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for
RELIEF SOCIETY
SINGERS

.....	Altar of Prayer—Smith	.12
.....	Children's Friend—Adams	.15
.....	God Shall Wipe Away All Tears—Roma	.16
.....	Grateful, O Lord, Am I—Roma	.15
.....	I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara	.22
.....	Lift Up Your Heads—Hopkins	.12
.....	Lord's Prayer—Malotte	.25
.....	On the Highway to Galilee—Dulmage	.12
.....	Peace I Leave With You—Roberts	.16
.....	Softly and Tenderly—Thompson	.15

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door and entered, red-nosed, red-cheeked and puffing steam.

"It's a real blizzard blowing this time for sure."

I threw him a warning glance, but Maggie's widening eyes, suddenly darkened with fear, were already on the window which was blocked by snow and winter darkness.

(To be concluded)

* * * *

Kindness

Mabel Law Atkinson

Kindness
Is the language
Requiring no training
For the deaf to hear or the dumb
To speak.

Invited

Lael W. Hill

Prim-shod, along the pavement
I walk my proper way,
And all the lush green lawns call out
For me to come and play.

I wish that I were small enough
To act like any child
And dance across their shining green
With bare feet white and wild.

How soon I'd leave my slippers
And answer that blithe call
With dancing barefoot on the grass—
If I were only small!

Prim-shod, beside the lush green lawns
I walk and wish today—
Tomorrow I'll kick off my shoes
And dance there anyway!

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Compensation

Beulah Huish Sadleir

It takes a patient hand, they say,
To pick first violets after snow—
Their fragrance is my overpay
If this be so.

Desert Spring

Jessie M. Robinson

The desert is a garden
Of multi-colored cacti-bloom;
Saguaros green and white are columns
In a golden room.

And sands are flaming music
With ocatillos blossoming;
And in the arching turquoise sky,
The vagrant birds will sing.

Within this temple garden,
Slender yuccas, one by one,
Will lift their ivory chalices
In worship to the sun.

THE HISTORIC TRAIN

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Salt Lake City, Utah

AUGUST 1, 1952

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From Near and Far

I have just read for the "manyth" time, your most inspirational editorial report of the October conference, 1951 (*Relief Society Magazine*, December 1951, page 830, editorial by Marianne C. Sharp). I read every word published in the *Era* of the conference speakers, and so far as women of the Church are concerned, your selection of statements of the brethren includes the most vital statements of the entire conference messages. Thank you, and heaven continue to bless your efforts. —Annie P. M. Hepworth

Garberville, California

It is with interest that I have just read the article "Individual Influence and Responsibility" (By Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, March 1952). In reference to front page headlines which appear south of "49," we, here, north of "49" also experience many similar headlines. From these reports, it would be indicated that we (both North and South) should accept our "individual responsibility and inflence" in the upbuilding of our country and its people. As individual citizens and as organized groups, it becomes our duty to correct the conditions which exist.

—H. E. Richardson

Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Thelma Hatch, author of the story "Every Night at Our House," page 303, is sixteen years old and lives in Bancroft, Idaho. She is a great-granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt.

We returned from Mexico last week to find a pile of congratulation letters for my story "The Wearing of the Gay" (March 1952). Since then I have had no end of calls and personal comments, all of which proves how well the *Magazine* is read. I believe the story "The Least of These" (third prize story, March 1952) is one of the finest stories I have ever read, and "Room for Phyllis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey) is one which all can profit by. Also, I would like to compliment Kay Islaub for her fine story "To Thine Own Self" in February, and also Hannah Smith's story "The House With the Blue Roof."

—Frances C. Yost

Bancroft, Idaho

Please let Mrs. Coles know how very much I admire her frontispiece poem "The Women of Nauvoo" in the March issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I have heard my grandmother speak of the wonderful fortitude and courage of the women of Nauvoo. She was one of them. I especially like the two last lines of the poem. I once heard the deceased Harrison R. Merrill call Christie Lund Coles "the Sara Teasdale of Utah." Her work is very lovely.

—Gene Romolo

Provo, Utah

Our family is enjoying the March *Magazine*. We are planning to use material from it for our next Family Hour. Our youngest daughter will retell Frances Yost's charming story "The Wearing of the Gay" (She loves its message and its gaiety); our school-teacher daughter will read "The Least of These," by Margery S. Stewart, and I shall read several poems, one of which will be "The Women of Nauvoo" by Christie Lund Coles. I am so grateful for Margery S. Stewart's story, as it gives a needed sermon without preaching. Both our daughters liked the story "Room for Phyllis," by Alice Morrey Bailey.

—Mabel Law Atkinson

Dayton, Idaho

I would like to mention the many letters which have come to me about the article: "A Faith-Promoting Memory" (*Relief Society Magazine*, November 1951), letters from all over the country, and two from daughters of Brother Hatch, mentioned in the article. They remembered that he often referred to the trip described in the article.

—Esther L. Warburton

Evanston, Wyoming

Being Indian, I really like the article "The Place of Relief Society in the Indian Program" (By Elder Delbert Leon Stapley, February 1952, page 76). Both the *Era* and *The Relief Society Magazine* have really been an inspiration and help to me.

—Mrs. Jennie Morin

Wolf Point, Montana

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